

# CAVALCADE

OCT 14



ROYAL BABES  
were born in public  
VANITY STRIKES TO KILL

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 NEVER TO  
 PAY FOR SERVICE



# Cavalcade

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ROYAL BABES

WERE BORN IN PUBLIC

THIS month Princess Elizabeth, heiress presumptive to the British throne, will bear a child who will be second in line to the Crown. Whether the Princess has her child at one of the Royal palaces in London, or at her country home at Windmill Hill, the Secretary of State for Home Affairs will be present in the House during the birth.

This ancient custom goes back to early days in British history, when religious differences split society.

This is how it all began:

One warm summer morning in June, 1601, the Queen of England, Mary of Modena, lay in labour in the most sumptuous bed in the Royal Bedchamber at Whitehall, London.

In those troubled days a royal

The shadow of a warming-pan fell across  
the beds of England centuries ago.  
DOROTHY NILES

birth was a public affair. London's aristocrats flocked to the palace to witness the birth. The ladies, allowed into the Royal Chamber, called out the most gaudy details of the Queen's travail to the gentleman who crowded the ante-chamber, and hampered the midwives who hurried in and out.

On that occasion the whole of England awaited the Royal birth because the country was divided into two camps, Protestant and Catholic. The Protestants were determined to get rid of Catholic James and bring Protestant William and Mary, of Holland, to rule England.

They had already spread the rumour that Mary was not, in fact, pregnant, that the whole thing was a Royal

plot to ensure a Catholic heir to the throne.

Official memoranda published in Holland showed the Queen wearing a cushion strapped round her stomach to stimulate pregnancy.

In a letter from the English Court, the Royal House told the Volkskrift that the Queen was "experiencing a prosperous pregnancy," despite the remark from Holland that "Her Majesty's condition is a fiction and that she wears a cushion."

To dispel these rumours, James II decided that the child be born in London instead of at Windsor Castle.

As the rumours swirled in and out of the Queen's bedroom, "wounding her modesty with their gross remarks," a serving woman showed her way through the crowd and thrust a heavy copper warming-pot into the Queen's bed.

Unkindly the sharp-eyed Dutchmen saw a peg on which to hang a story that a male child had been smuggled into the bed in the warming-pot.

Since all England feared the may that the heir to the Crown was a base-born child, the rumours gained strength when in Holland, William and Mary of Orange and their Court refused to attend the coronation. The British Ambassador gave in to demands for the birth, and William forbade his chaplains to say prayers for the Prince of Wales.

When the child was four months old English Protestants petitioned William of Orange to take over the British throne, giving as their main reason that James' and Mary's heir was not in fact their own child.

James II then called an Ecclesiastical Council, which took evidence from 45 persons including the Queen Dowager and the Lord Chancellor, who swore on oath that they had seen the child's birth.

From this time it became an English law that a Minister of the Crown must be present at the birth of a

Royal child. But even this step did not entirely prevent malicious gossip.

In 1701, when George II was on the throne all kinds of ill-natured gossip surrounded the birth, in Hanover, of Frederick, Prince of Wales, to George's wife, the Princess Augusta.

The British Envoy at Hanover, as a chaplain to Augustus, wrote that most people at the Court thought the Queen's "bairn" was "rather the effect of distance than that she was with child." He naively continued, however: "The Highness was taken ill last Friday at dinner, and later I was sent word that the Princess was delivered of a son."

Now that the days of Court intrigues are gone and people are more cordial, Royal mothers have their children at private.

Queen Victoria was the last Royal mother to undergo the ordeal of labour in public, although, during her first confinement, a servant separated her from the Ministers of the Crown and the Archbishops of Canterbury who were in the room.

The situation changed when she was sick as did the Queen. At each of her eight other confinements these official witnesses waited in an adjoining room.

Queen Victoria created another precedent when she had chloroform for the birth of Prince Leopold, in 1853.

Anesthesia was then a new discovery, used only for the easiest operations. When women demanded that doctors anaesthetise them during childbirth, public opinion was up in arms.

The church particularly opposed the new trend that it violated the Biblical precept, "In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children."

Victoria put an end to that controversy when she had anaesthesia during Leopold's birth.

There is now a more forthright attitude about making a Royal pregnancy public knowledge than there

was 32 years ago, when Elizabeth herself was born.

Her grandfather, George V, thought such announcements ridiculous. Nevertheless, the people of London took great interest in the then Duke of York and his Scotch bride and crowds gathered outside their London home at St. James Street on the day Elizabeth was born.

Even at 17 may have got this attitude from his mother, Queen Alexandra (then Princess of Wales), who did not mind her public entertainments before her birth.

On June 2 1891, less than 12 hours before she attended a concert at the Albert Hall and returned to Marlborough House to receive the guests at one of the gay dinner parties for which she and her husband, later Edward VII, were famous.

However, at the last moment, the Prince of Wales received the guests alone.

The party did not break up until midnight. Next morning London read in the newspapers that the Princess had given birth to a son at 11.30 a.m.

The conservative "London Times" made a caustic comment on the

Prince of Wales' behaviour. It said the event "though not actually unexpected, was not preceded by any prolonged anxiety."

Thirty-one years later, when he was Edward VIII, he held a Royal ball at Windsor to celebrate the birth of his grandson, Edward, now Duke of Windsor.

Guests cheered drunk a toast to the young Prince and the bell went on. But times had changed so much that not even Queen Victoria was allowed to visit the new mother immediately.

In 1925, when the Duke and Duchess expected their third child, one thing worried the Duchess: for calculations showed that the baby would probably be born on December 14, the anniversary of the death of Victoria's husband, Prince Albert. Despite these hopes the date shifted and the baby, who is our present King, was born. Victoria desired that he be called Albert as he was usual to her according to the Thurn and Taxis abdication in 1936.

Royal births have always been subjects of extreme public interest. The birth of Princess Elizabeth's baby will be no exception.





THE showgrounds were crowded with people. Flags fluttered from the buildings, a band was playing, and a section of the crowd was bent over towards the judging ring.

The cattle were being led in. Short-horn bulls came first, snorting and puffing at the leading staff. One of the judges stood at the entrance to the ring, and as each beast was brought up to him, he ran his hands carefully over it. Then he motioned the steward to lead the bull on.

A show official stood close by, and as the judge finished with one of the bulls, he said to the man

"I judged that black and white animal last year."

There was already another bull in front of him, and he put out his hands to examine it.

The official nudged the man standing next to him

"Did you hear that?" he whispered. "Him what?"

"He said he judged that bull last year."

"Well, what of it?" the other man asked in surprise. "A bull with unusual markings like that wouldn't be hard to remember."

"It mightn't be far from people," the official said, "but that judge is blind."

It was true. James T. Scrymgeour, of Warwick, Queensland, one of the best-known breeders and judges of Full Shorthorn cattle in Australia, lost his sight in the First World War.

It wasn't easy for a man who had staked everything he had on a blooded stock farm to come home without his sight.

"Don't worry," his friends told him. "There must be some sort of work you can do."

"I'm not worrying," Jim said. "I have my job. All I've got to find out is how to make double use of my hands."

Jim had a disease, but he came back prepared to give her the freedom. She refused to break the engagement, and they were married.

Mr and Mrs. Scrymgeour were in England. The doctors had given Jim a little hope. Perhaps if he could see colour eye specialists in Harley Street something might be done. But two years of hospitals and treatments brought no cure.

Jim Scrymgeour then enrolled at St. Dunstan's School for the Blind. His cheerful determination made him one of the school's best students.

Before they came home, the Scrymgeours spent eight months visiting famous studs in England and learning all they could about breeding horses and cattle. Mrs. Scrymgeour acted as her husband's eyes.

In 1931 the Scrymgeours settled at "Netherry," in Warwick, Queensland. The "Netherry" stud was farmed with six foundation sires of pure Scotch Cravenbank blood. These and their descendants were the property of the ex-soldier-breeders; three pure Dumble blood, and four red bulls, brought from Scotland by Jim's father in 1914.

Jim had first to devise a means for finding his way about his property without having always to rely on someone's assistance. He had installed an ingenious arrangement, which he deserved himself and actually helped to create.

Overhead wires were taken from the house to the key points of the station, stables, cattle pens and feed bins. A hollow metal cylinder was drawn across the wires by a length of rope, one end being attached to the cylinder and the other held by Jim as he made his way alone to whatever part of the station he wanted to go to.

On his stock he hung tiny bells

each one varying in tone, so that he could identify the animals by the sound. The tinkling of the bells told him also whether the stock was lying down, standing up or moving about.

Gradually Jim's fingers became so sensitive that he was able to "see" his stock through them. By moving his hands over them, he was able to describe them accurately, pointing out defects that were not always visible to the eye.

Jim Scrymgeour, with very little assistance, was working the "Netherry" stud. He herded horses, as well as cattle. He himself raised the feed for the cattle, groomed the horses, and exhibited his stock in the Queensland shows.

At one of the shows, he stood talking to a man who had judged some of the cattle. Several bulls were being led past for a section with which the judge was not concerned. As one of the animals passed, Scrymgeour ran his hands over it.

"It would be a fine bull only for that 'futility hook,'" he said to the judge.

The judge was surprised at the confidence with which the blind man handled the animal. He asked him for his comments on several bulls that followed. In every case Scrymgeour's judgment was faultless.

At the next show, Jim Scrymgeour was asked to be one of the official judges and from then on he began to build up a reputation as one of the best cattle judges in Australia.

A patch of loose skin, a faulty hoof, absence of crest or curl on the foreleg, or legs that are too long do not escape Jim's sensitive fingers. After he has handled it, he is able to move within a few pounds, the weight of my bull."

Jim is also able to "feel" the colour of an animal.

At the Brisbane Show a few years ago, a friend of Jim's thought he should have a little joke with him

### DRUNKEN BOY!

Drink to me only with thine eyes  
Tis all I ask of thee,  
And let a fondly lingering look  
Hedge thy fidelity,  
Or while thy voice is only soft  
Please let me pluck to thee  
And while ye're drinking with  
your eyes  
I'll drink more plentifully!

led a special parade of champion stock on the Brisbane Exhibition Grounds with her champion bull, Netherby Royal Challenge. Ned in turn on the parade was led by an attendant who was Jim's champion Shorthorn cow, Netherby Star Queen.

Jim knew the ground well. As the parade approached the platform on which the Duke stood, he halted it and gave "Eyes Left." Then he swung the bull's head around and came to the salute.

As the parade moved on again, there was thunderous applause from thousands who watched.

Before trucks were available in Sydney to transport stock from the wharf to the showground, Jim led a string of bulls on many occasions from Darling Harbour to Moore Park without a pint and with only an attendant, who followed behind with other cattle, to shout directions.

The "Netherby" stock has been excelling in the breeding of Poll Shorthorns. Jim Scrymgeour believes there is a big future in Australia, as in the United States, for herefords cattle which travel better, with less injury than horned breeds.

Asked if he ever had any qualms leading a particularly fiery bull into the ring Jim said, "No. Bull I believe in taking every precaution. A half-drooged bull can do a lot of damage."

Jim said the fiercest bull he had seen did the round of the shows a few years ago. It was a magnificent animal but couldn't be tamed, and had knocked down several horses and riders and had injured spectators.

Jim likes to lead his own stock into the ring. If it is strange ground he takes a guide.

When the Duke of Gloucester visited Queensland some years ago Jim

had a keen sense of humour, and enjoyed a laugh.

They were passing some cattle point, and the friend said:

"Jim, what do you think of that bull?"

Jim stopped and felt the bull carefully. He was silent a moment, then he groaned.

"You god-darned line," he said. "It's black."

Jim Scrymgeour says he is able to distinguish the colour of an animal by the texture of the hair. It may be silky, soft, or harsh. White is generally the softest, next not quite so soft, and red is a good deal harsher.

The "Netherby" stock has been widely exhibited throughout Australia, and has won over one thousand blue ribbons and several hundred championships. One notable winner was a Shorthorn bull, Netherby Royal Challenge, which took nearly thirty one second, one third and four times championships.

Jim likes to lead his own stock into the ring. If it is strange ground he takes a guide.

When the Duke of Gloucester visited

"Congratulations on leading the champion," Jim said. "But tell me, how did you manage to keep him under control?"

Jim's eyes twinkled.

"Aye, Jim, I can keep that beast under control, all right. My preoccupation is two sources of irritation: one got into the bull before the parade, and while the dray is working I have four ounces of raw myrtle. Then I put the leading staff on the animal, and if they don't keep him too long on parade, he goes quiet to his stall. After that I have some raw rum and hope the parades for next day is overruled."

Jim Scrymgeour has developed a remarkable memory, with which he is able to associate the sensitive vibration of his ears to hold and steadily sound vibrations.

He always speaks of the things he has "seen" and never refers to his blindness as a handicap. When he meets people for the first time, he is often able to size them up in a matter of moments.

Jim's sense of humour is ready to sparkle on the slightest provocation.

He was telling a friend of a red fox that had made its appearance among the rabbits in Queensland.

When he was asked what the fox was like, Jim answered:

"I don't know. I haven't met one, but when I do, I'll have more difficulty in getting a line on it than I would have in handling a Shorthorn steer."

Jim Scrymgeour leads a busy life. He is at present breeding blood horse trotters, Clydesdales, ponies, hounds and Arab, Poll Shorthorn cattle, and prize poultry. He is an active member of the R.S.B.A.I.L.A., being for many years president of the Warwick sub-branch and vice-president of the Western Branch of Queensland. He is able to read a typewriter, and answers all his own correspondence.

Jim has never spoken about the

events which took his sight from him in a battlefield back in 1915, but the story came back to Australia after

the war.

It was in the Jordan Valley as a Turkish attack was being launched against the Australian Light Horse force. A man had fallen above the trench and had to be brought to safety. Jim Scrymgeour volunteered to climb out and drag him to shelter.

As he was about to descend into the trench himself, he was caught by a Turkish sniper. There was a flesh and the world was blooded out. Then was born Jim Scrymgeour, Australia's well-known cattle judge and breeder and a son of the greatest courage and determination, lost his sight.





These days they thought you could  
bottle it and write deep in water.

BILL DELANEY

## DEBUNKING THE PRIDES OF THE FANCY

His name was John L. Sullivan, and they called him the Boston Strong Boy. Here was a man who, in his own analysis, was the original *muscle-dolla*—man-happy who made more money from fighting than any other man before him, and whose earnings from the profession have since been exceeded by only three men—Dempsey, Tunney and Lewis.

The Boston Strong Boy, the last of the men who were called upon to fight fifty, sixty or seventy rounds.

Now, the oldsters will ask you, would the modern boxer manured to perform no longer than 40 minutes' actual fighting time, react if he were compelled to remain in the ring for 75 rounds, as Sullivan did when he fought John Kilrain?

Seventy-five rounds, of which Sullivan won 45, most of them by knockdowns—and in between rounds he refused to sit down, saying "What's the use?" I only got to get right up again, didn't I?"

There indeed was a man—but consider that the rounds averaged less than two minutes each, and the 30 rounds won by Kilrain were taken with wrestling throws, so that for the most part Sullivan received little basal or bodily injury.

For those were the days when rounds were fought for an predetermined period, ending when a man fell to a knee and had to be held known, recovering after a 20-second rest. If he was still suffering from the effects of a knockdown, punch he had merely to take a right rip

and the round was again over. Thus a fighter could "wail" through a contest whose length seems to us to be phenomenal.

And although Sullivan took part in 45 hours, only three of them lasted for longer than 18 rounds.

You will note of the "epic" battles between Jim Belcher and Tom Cribb, one of which went to 41 rounds, yet if you study the formula to which the combat was fought, you will find that most of the rounds lasted less than one minute, and that in fact the hours actual duration was 10 minutes, including intervals between rounds.

There was Cribb and the Negro Molyneux, who fought out 34 rounds—in 30 minutes, and Steigard and Count, who battled for 35 rounds. In Australia, almost 100 years ago, there was Kelly and Smith from the island of whose battle these emerged as mere fast than that they fought for over six hours, and with the exception of the last, all these bouts were of considerably less duration than a modern 100-minute round bout of similar magnitude.

Of Sullivan's fighting ability there can be no doubt, for, in spite of the fact that antiquity leads gleefully to estimating sparseness, he was above his contemporaries like a Colossus, and his record indicates that in that or any other age, he would have been one of the truly greats of mankind.

The second longest match of his career was that against the talkative and provocative Charlie Mitchell. It lasted 29 rounds, and because it was fought under prize ring rules which allowed only fair combat by knock-out or the withdrawal of an opponent, it was officially termed a draw.

For three hours and 16 minutes, Sullivan chased the towering Mitchell across the mzn-sudden ring and back again, in the first round, it took the great John L. sex minutes to catch up to his opponent, and when he connected, the blow was right. Yet

Mitchell fell. He fell another 26 times—a plan of defense that was prompted by Mitchell's knowledge that the sharpshooter had refused to train but Mitchell should consider himself worthy of that inexperience, by the knowledge that the champion sooner or later would be trounced by the one to which he was so greatly adjudged, and by the big black eyes he smoked by the dozen every day.

And so Mitchell ran—an hour over three hours, and at the end of that test, the champion was still on his feet, while his opponent took advantage of every opportunity to fall to the ground. When they called the bout a draw, both were giddy-eyed and exhausted, although John L. had not received a swordlike punch.

Over three hours of sweating and fighting—and a dozen years of hard living behind him—who could doubt the amazing strength of John the Great? Yes, indeed, we must admit that John L. Sullivan had at least the statura of a well-trained modern fighter.

Many years later—45 to be exact—another man named Dempsey was to lose his world's heavyweight title to a man who had learnt the value of running away. Dempsey's downfall, however, was not due to bad living but to the fact that punyishly, he was an old man. When Tunney, glib-eyed and apparently beaten, rose after that lastest long count, he did exactly what Mitchell had done so many years before. In modern phonology, he "put on his handcuffs" and Dempsey chased him until at last he joined that the younger man's feet could travel faster than his own could forward.

The Tunney-Dempsey fight lasted a mere 18 rounds—but who will say that is not congeitatively brief time. Both was suffered less from punches than their old-time counterparts who faced each other for three hours? For Dempsey, unlike Sullivan, was

**BURT LANCASTER** was "Golden Louise. That's my personal Burt nickname for Elizabeth Scott. Not that I have ever called her that to her face. I call her Lou. As most people do. Her eyes and her yellow hair and her lovely voice and that charm might fool you into thinking she is just another doll. She's not. She has standards and sexual anatomy like those original serial girls that were known as *Louise*.

The outstanding thing about Lou, I think, is the fact that she's an original not a carbon copy. I looked up "Individuality" in Webster's. He puts it this way: "The quality which distinguishes one person from another, separate or distinct existence, essence." Lou has it.

From *Photoplay*, the world's best action picture magazine

punched heavily and often—and he wasn't able to take a 30-second rest merely by falling to the ground. The fight, in fact, was 18 rounds of concentrated effort.

Go back to the giants of the past, such as Griss and Molyneaux, and see how ponderous they were on their feet. They had to be, for there was a good likelihood of their being taken by a hip throw, and they were consequently unable to move themselves for a scientifically directed and executed blow. But make no mistake: Sullivan must have been a tremendous puncher, as was testified by the men from whom he took the world's championship. Ryan, who said

"When Sullivan struck me, I thought a telephone pole had been shoved against me sideways."

Yet was he a heavier puncher than Dempsey? It is unlikely, at least, that he was a quicker thrower of lethal blows for it has been scientifically proven that the later champions did travel at the rate of two miles a minute.

Among the men who have come down in ring history as "iron men" was Tom Cribb. Cribb, it is said, was his body by the simple tech-

nique of letting his opponent "break his hands on his fist"—that is, he would possess his hand for punishment until his opponent's knuckles were broken. Then he would finish off his helpless victim with a punch or two thrown from his heels.

Cribb was, then, truly an iron man—but that doesn't mean that he was able to present himself for a contest at the loss of a fist, into the ring. In fact, throughout his career, Cribb fought a mere 22 bouts. Compare this with the performance of Joe Louis, who has participated in 61 contests, of which 25 were in defense of his crown. Hammerin', too, that in order to come up in fast class condition for each fight—the first World bout excluded—Louis spared his way through perhaps 180 training rounds. It took as much as that to ensure that he would stay the distance. On the other hand, touring in the days of Cribb, and Sullivan too, was a casual business.

It is safe to assume, therefore, that a 15-round match, fought at high speed throughout, would find the Puris of the Puris short of condition.

But back to the older, think he

ways of the conditions under which the Puris fought. Neither rain, cold, heat, or practically anything else that of innumerable enterprisers could prevent them from carrying the battle through to the bitter end.

In the year in which Hays, the first champion of America, whipped Yankee Sullivan, another historic match took place between an Australian heavyweight named Louise and Petty Neil. The ring was pitched near the water's edge on a Staten Island beach. And when the men had been racing it for 10 minutes, the tide came so that they were fighting up to their ankles in water.

Finally, the water rose waist-high, and Hudson demanded that the ring be shifted to higher ground. Neil refused the request, and closed the match. The referee agreed with Neil, and added the rider in his decision:

"Here Neil won Hudson lost when he wouldn't see the match. Why

should the loss of him be offset at getting wet?"

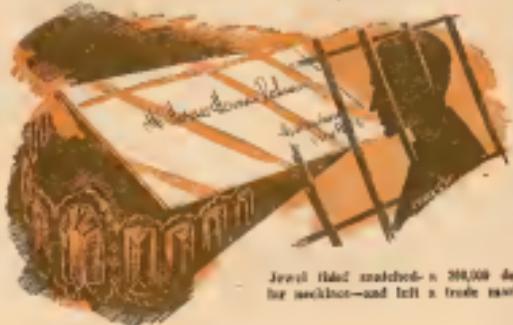
No one will argue that the conditions on that day were bad. But they were not bad during the match between Archie Moore and Jimmy Rees last year when in an open-air arena at Baltimore, the sun was so fierce that at the end of the 35-round bout, Moore was crowned winner and fell flat on his face from sheer exhaustion, and Moore, remember, was a boxer—an Australian, know—why he never undertook a fight unless he was in top condition.

Se there it is. Cribb would have beaten Sullivan. Sullivan would have beaten Jack Johnson. Johnson would have beaten Dempsey. Dempsey would have beaten Louis... but has he been the eternal cry since the earliest days of boxing as we know it, and the same old group of dead names will be on until boxing dies. For the mirror of the years are thrown back a distorted picture.



SILVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS

# CALLING CARD COUP



Jewel thief matched—a \$10,000 dollar necklace—and left a trade mark

IN THE early years of the 1930's under the new automobile industry, the city of Detroit was booming like a French 16. The vault of money was in the air, and gold-plated opportunities were stacked up at street corners, two for a nickel. Which was all to the good for Dogface Dolton, who had just completed a post-graduate course at Dartmouth Prison, and was eager to apply what he had learned from some of his classmates.

Dogface was an influence-purt at first, and even the tough Detroit police could not find it in their hearts to be unpleasant to the slender little fugitive with the red eyes and long, mournful growl. However, his glad machine and open cheeze could not go altogether unnoticed, and when his hardship headquarters was raided in the fall of 1933, the belli he offered was coldly refused. For the

first time in his career, Dogface was treated to the humiliation of being beaten under his real name—Hercules Harmon Dolton—and fairly condemned to make himself scarce. Dogface did so going to New York.

Wandering along the unnecessary docks of New York's Chelsea section his problems were ended by a solidified sock that hit him behind the ear, and he woke up in the dark hold of an English vessel bound for Liverpool.

A seaman's life was not for Dogface Dolton, however, and the moment the ship touched shore, he fled. With a cosmopolite's unerring instinct, he made a beeline for the great city of London, but as he drew near its slender suburbs a policeman, unimpaired by his strange aspect, asked him for his passport. An hour later, the unpolite constable was in full awaiting tribunals.

It took the U.S. Government quite a while to decide whether it wanted to pay the cost of his trip home merely to have him stand trial for passport infraction. Meanwhile Dogface began to look around.

In the cell next to his own was a well-spoken, beady-eyed biddy who kept her nails very clean and always dressed for dinner. He told the fascinated Dogface that he was a member of the British aristocracy doing time for flogging his male mate's diamond belt. When asked, he described the crime in great detail. The little noblester spent not months in that ancient prison, and moreover, as at Dartmouth, he learned a great deal from his fellow prisoners.

Uncle Sam's final decision was that Dogface was not worth prosecuting, but the British unashamedly ejected him from their little tiny island, and eight months from the day he left, Dogface was back in Detroit.

But Detroit didn't recognize him.

With the adaptability of a six-year-old, he had soaked up all the culture that the unenlightened British noblemen had exuded. He had the mechanical manners, the speaking voice and the conversational know-how of Mervin society.

A newspaper society page, heralding a diamond's ball, called the turn "An as-borning-out present," the no-nonsense one, "The debutante will receive a \$10,000 dollar emerald and ruby bracelet, a family heirloom." Dogface Dolton liked his lip, bought a book on etiquette and began re-learning manners直到 the correct way to snub a coming-out party.

It was the smoothest jewel robbery of the decade. No one suspected Dogface's true calling, for he didn't make a single sound except. Perfectly dressed, in white tie and tails, he gained an unquestioned entrance to the society party. With half a hundred others he moved slowly down the shuffling reviving line. Likever-

ugly—too Rosenberg—he prided his hostess' slim, white hand. Then he walked straight across the ballroom and out the garden door with the fabulously jeweled bracelet in his pocket.

Back in his own hotel room, he was more delighted with his sleek performance than he was with the glittering quarter-million dollar hunk of stones he had garnered.

"I was really born to this sort of thing," he mused happily. He was now, now that he hadn't changed his name. After all, his family went way back into the early, proud days of American history. Didn't he great, great, great grandfather come over in 1720? What if he had come over in the ship's hold with a bell and chain on his leg—the Doltons were still one of America's first families, and he should be able to cut a real swathe in society on the strength of it.

The merriment was interrupted sharply by a hammering on the door. He was surprised to hear the once-familiar summons. "Open up! It's the law!"

"I can't have made a mistake!" he thought. "I can't! I know I didn't!" But the brass-tipped nose in the doorway relieved him of his emerald bracelet and offered him one of steel. He was curious enough to ask: "What did I do wrong?"

"You didn't do nothing wrong," the detective from headquarters answered. "You was a son hundred per cent perfect gentleman. You was too perfect, in fact. You even neglected to leave your calling card."

Under Dogface's horrified nose, the detective waved the thin, white parchment the world-beat criminal had so carefully disengaged not an hour ago in the butler's silver silver. In expensive, raised embossing, it read "Mr. Hercules Harmon Dolton." Dogface remembered that the name, name artistically printed, was mallowish in last year's police blotter.

# Passing Sentences

**Burlesque Show:** Where attendance falls off if nothing else does

If we had used the advice we have given away, we should need none from others.

An optimist is a man who gets used by a woman but enjoys the memory

**Hollywood Marquis:** Good way to spend a week-end

It is commendable to face life with your chin up, but don't forget to dark  
Sign on an umbrella: JUST MARIEBEL SHAPES for sale

A genius is one who can make anything but a living

Someone said marriage is a lottery, but there is a high proportion of blunders  
Sign under an old bayonet on display in a store: "Rest in Peace"

**Woman:** The weeper sex

A wrinkle is something that a prime hasn't got it's a plus

A pessimist is a person who builds dreams in the air

Women's styles may change, but their designs remain the same

**Shame:** A pushbutton

Many a man believes in honesty until his son acts like a champ

**End-of-the-day sign near a restaurant:** "O.K., Go Go Hungry!"

Degeneracy is the art of cutting the other fellow's throat without using a knife

★ Dumptees don't score me, says sparkling Joann Fulton, Universal Player.



# THE AFFAIR AT LACHLAN SWAMP

Three horse-drawn carriages  
slid—clattered to a standstill. Five  
men alighted on the border of  
bushy Lachlan Swamp.

At 4.30 in the afternoon par-  
lamentarians shrank and swayed uneasily  
as the men walked towards a cleared space.

Nothing would stir these par-  
tisans. Young Dobie knew the  
meaning of the grim look on Mr

Donaldson's face.

Mr Dobie—a "second"—spoke

a last word to his principal, and

received his final instructions.

Dobie caught the name from the  
other "second", Law Surveyor of  
the 4th, who was acting for Major  
Mitchell. He walked with Mr  
Donaldson to the centre of the  
clearing.

The duelists removed their coats  
and hats and chose their pistols  
Truly yards apart they stood and  
fired at each other.

The first shot cracked. It dis-  
turbed the birds, and the white of  
their wings blanched the sand  
of the mound shot.

Major Mitchell took careful aim  
the third time. His shot went  
through Mr Donaldson's hat, graz-  
ing his nose. He himself just  
escaped death from his adversary's  
pistol, the bullet narrowly miss-  
ing his nose.

Before the smoke of the last dis-  
charge had cleared, the seconds  
slapped the duellists. A few moments  
later the party left the clearing, with  
horses satisfied but the traditional  
friendly handshake after such a  
duel was not exchanged.

Sir Charles Augustus Fitzroy, then

Governor, considered the case as  
he was at his besten early the fol-  
lowing Monday.

It was September 29, 1822. Even  
so recently the Governor had on  
his hands the position of his Su-  
veyor-General, Mitchell, and a  
member of parliament, Donaldson,  
duelling in the Lachlan Swamp.

The dispute started when young  
Donaldson made a fiery speech at  
the hearings before an election  
committee for the Cumberland seat  
Mitchell's department, he said, cost  
the public £10,000.

Mitchell answered through the  
Sydney Morning Herald. He said  
that the department cost only  
£19,660, but Donaldson made it ap-  
pear that though that was the cost  
Mitchell had killed the Colony  
for £20,000.

The Governor remembered the  
news the day after the Herald later.  
He realized the value of  
Major Mitchell's services to the  
Colony over 10 years, his wonder-  
ful exploring trips, his ability as  
Surveyor-General. He also ap-  
preciated the brilliance of young  
Captain Donaldson, just elected to  
the legislature.

He decided he would not prosecute  
either of them for illegal duelling. A wise decision. Mc-  
hugh continued his admirable work,  
and was knighted. Young  
Donaldson was knighted too, and  
became first premier of NSW five  
years after the duel that took  
place in the Lachlan Swamp—now  
known as Condamine Park and the  
site, 30 years later, of the pro-  
clamation of the Commonwealth.



The urge to be fascinating has sent  
men as well as women to the grave.

NAN MUSERONE



# Vanity STRIKES TO KILL

THE young woman wanted to remove a mole from the pink cheek mole on her cheek. These were she jerked at the mole. The three hairs she plucked were three cells in her coffin, for her action began the mysterious process that causes cancer.

Six weeks later, in the cancer clinic of one of Australia's biggest public hospitals, specialists extracted her remaining life span of eight weeks.

Seven weeks later, shortly after her twenty-fifth birthday, she died.

Vanity had claimed another victim.

Two weeks before she removed the hairs from the mole her family doctor told her it should not be tampered with, and suggested that it be surgically removed.

She refused to have the operation because inevitably it would leave a scar.

Each year hundreds of foolish men and women do irreparable damage to their health, their appearance and their徘徊book by persisting in their vanity which, in many cases, strikes back terribly.

Women are the easiest victims. One of their greatest blemishes is facial hair, whether they grow from moles or not.

Pain and temporary discomfort are the only price paid for the removal of ordinary facial hairs by skilled electrolysis, but death from cancer can result if the hairs that grow from or close to a mole are removed by electrolysis.

Women and men too avoid cancer in their attempt to attain the ever greater their vanity demands. Skin desert like breast cancer, and hundreds of people find this out in doctors' rooms when they contract skin cancers.

Critical illnesses are caused when young girls with tender skins want to prevent acne, decide to be beach girls and so happily about the beach all day.

Finally they become seriously ill, blister in huge areas and swell in the face and ankles. As the blisters burst, a toxic condition supervenes, and a grave disease follows which sometimes causes death.

One girl, after two weeks in hospital as a result of such an illness, as severely swelled on the shoulders and cheeks. She is finished with vanity.

Male vanity is mostly concerned with keeping a youthful, vigorous figure. And men have died for it.

The removal of fat by surgery is, fortunately, unknown in Australia, but it has been practised with fatal results in America.

Vanity stood by to watch Hollywood fat man Howard Hesseman die on the operating table as he took the drastic step towards thinness.

Hesemann had fallen in love with tall, trimmest Bette Blythe, a 28-year-old Hollywood actress and reviewer. Their wedding was planned, but Howard could not face the tip down the aisle with a bride whose lumpy figure made his obesity as noticeable.

Precided by his vanity, he died on the operating table while a surgeon was striping excess fat from his abdomen like Mithridate from a whale.

That, too, has its quota of deaths among people who suddenly decide to change a bulge to a hollow. Outstanding example of this was film star Laird Cregar, who couldn't stand the thought of "fat man" roles and sliced himself into his grave at 36 years of age.

But it is among the fancies of the

spouses that vanity is King when it comes to unseated careers. They'd diet themselves into whatever shape fashion dictates, regardless of the risk of tuberculosis, anorexia or chronic dyspepsia.

For dating causes all these things, especially among women. Statistics show that tuberculosis has its highest incidence among young women between 20 and 30 years of age, and doctors repeatedly trace back its origins to dating and the search for the curves that they think would make them desirable.

Vanity's greatest triumph has come from women. For the hundreds of women who have tried to diet their bodies into submission, there are millions who cheerfully suffer untold discomfort that has often led to permanent deformity, by apparent foolish or trying their unwanted roundness into concave.

Right now women are whitening at their waists with complexion creams and "waist papers" in an attempt to achieve the thin waist, the swelling bosom and curvaceous hip that fashion's "New Look" demands.

The girdling experience of their forebears couldn't matter less to them for vanity is riding them hard. They laugh derisively when the tortuous and exacting fashions of the 1940's are mentioned.

In these days girls did the same things with their waists and suffered "green sensations," caused by creams passing these ribs on to the liver.

"Men 1948 will be as tomorrow a century as the ladies of the last century if they continue in their search for the New Look," a McCall's diet-terapist opines.

He points out that combination of the long and low is the curse of this and not twitting vanity.

But the ladies can't be warned with words and threats and America has gone one step further in an attempt to show from what they're doing to themselves.

## REVENGE ETERNAL

Send us my heart and save my spirit,  
My spirit and I shall perish.  
Her words sped quick four lips that had loved  
And then her love my soul shall stir.  
She swore that she would be revenged  
And oft the bended knee,  
Revenge of last a new attained—  
My heart stirred me.

They're putting monkeys into cosmetics. Dr. A. C. Ivy, vice-president of the University of Illinois, is making the experiment and 40 female apes will soon have the New Look fastened on them.

He believes women may be squirming themselves to death trying to conform to the New Look and doesn't want to estimate the consequences on the fair young women who undertook the tests.

He thinks he will startle the world with his findings, but probably even if they are of the greatest import, they'll be disregarded.

At the turn of the century not even lions could sting the ladies defining their shape. They took delightedly to a new comet these—wicked harness that forced their bodies into an "S" shape, with their bones thrust upward and forward, waist tiny, hips pouting out, and backbone bent violently upwards.

The effect of these corsets was so serious that several countries, including Russia, Bavaria and Germany, passed laws forbidding growing girls to wear them, but they wore them just the same.

Right wisdom fed world's enormous appetites for deformity in the 1920's, when sex was set and the

boob, fat-shaded profile was the thing. The ladies took to hand-grip-like brassieres that isolate muscles and centers and later passed the skeleton into plastic garment pockets when women, wealthy enough to pay for the operation, had their breasts lifted back to the tip-titled feminine line that came in again in the Thirties.

They do other things too that deform them in the name of vanity. They keep along the city streets in tight, stiff-backed chairs that throw these spaces out of alignment, strain their pelvic spines, their nervous systems and put stress on their faces that all the fatal and connectors cannot even.

Corsettes, these days, have risen to the ranks of highly ornate articles that are always horrific and often beneficial to complexion, but only 30 years ago, corsettes and belts were necessarily used primarily and were often compensated from people that brought death in their train.

One scenario was a pair of snakes spread thickly on the floor as an everlasting blight. The ladies laid it. They spread it on and went to bed. In their sleep they ate it, snuffed it up their noses, got it in broken skin and peoples. They died like flies, but their skins were white.

Not far off with an inevitable deformity and painful illness rate is the wux still practiced in America by quacks of restoring youthful facial contours with wax injections.

Men as well as women have tried this to their sorrow. It makes good as, temporarily, sunken cheeks fall out and wrinkles disappear.

Within weeks, however, the wax confronts with the normal nutrition of the skin, causing ulcer and the beginning of a disease called "Paroxysms" that is characterized by deformities far more hideous than any of the ravages of age-long years.

And this is where the ladies come in and come in in a big way. Vanity

wants persistently for them till they approach them ladies knowing well that it's them as many of them turn their thoughts towards the company of women blenders and beautines that they fall into the trap so easily set.

For the male who plays fight harder than the female against the onslaught of age. His over-excitement often comes disaster in the form of heightened blood pressure, cardiac failure and paralyzing strokes.

And so it goes. You in and out, Vanity claims victims in death, deformity and illness among men and women who forget that a strike is fall.





## DEATH STALKED THE TIMBERLAND

Whole towns and families were wiped out in a holocaust of flame

IT was Bloody Sunday—11th February, 1936—and the Gothic of Fire held high revelry in their own particular paradise, the mountain timber land of Victoria, containing around Kyneton, Werribee, Powelliown and the Dandenongs.

This is the nursery of tall timber, tough, ferocious bushmen, and women and children laurel to bushland and bathed with flames. The day was dark with following smoke clouds that with orange-molten furnaces, and a night hellish with a thousand torches of destruction.

The bush caught at Giesen's mill on Big Pelt's Creek, out from Werribee. Tom Donald saw the fire take hold. He was the engine-driver on the mill, and he would fight at only the timber men of the hills can and must fight for these trees. But this was no mere bush fire, it was a frenzied, domineering fury of flames that no man's hand could stay.

Cutting made his useless leaves. Tom dashed for his hat. What was the hot, his sides of human, concealed in his—his life, his wife, and those of his three boys aged respectively, eight, six and four years? To hell with the hot! To hell with home!

"We can't save the house," he yelled, as he reached the door. "We'll try to get to the old mill, we'll be safe there."

The old mill had been burnt out earlier. It was a stark, blackened skeleton with nothing left to burn. It was an oasis in a desert of burnt fuel, it spelled life—if they could reach it.

With his wife carrying the youngest boy and Donald, the second, and with the oldest, sprawling beside them, the family ran. Miraculously, they reached the track unscathed, but the fire cut them off and Tom headed down a narrow path towards the old

mill, only to find the fire deploying and encroaching and the family hemmed in by a ring of burning fury.

In a last despairing effort, Tom snatched the child to his breast as best he could and, trying to shield his wife, took the first onslaught on his own back. When he reeled and fell, his wife collapsed over him with the baby clasped in her arms. The child was staggered a few steps before he too, dropped in his tracks. Here, when the holocaust had raged, the scorched friend—those who had been wiped out in a few short seconds, and later found Tom Donald's house intact, unscathed, unbroken rem.

Now were the five Donalds the only tribute to the God of Fire in this tragic day.

At Werribee's mill, near Goldenvale, a few miles distant, tourism men, women and children abandoned the plant and their homes to the on-rushing flames and began a desperate race for life towards the doubtful safety of the township itself.

In the dense smoke two men lost contact with the main bunch as a wall of flame escaped at them. In a frenzy of despair they plunged headlong through the fire and learned, blistered and half-blinded, staggered round until they fell into the creek. They reached Goldenvale, and then Melbourne Hospital the next day, but not before the bodies of the other twelve had been found, huddled together in crimson death.

Mountain, at Bremerton, on the Gippsland side of the timber belt, Peter Olsen, his wife and three children were staging a fight with their house—fairly worldly goods and their very lives, the visitors.

Pushing back to the door, Peter snatched the newest, and the family dashed towards water, and life, with the fire in pursuit. When they were but a few yards from safety, smoke and flame caught them, leaping their legs their arms their backs, to sweep

up tots. And there the Olsen died, except one son who, somehow managed to crawl to the creek.

The full tally of death by burning on that fateful Sunday was thirty-one persons, men, women and children. All these on one day—the most tragic loss of life from this cause in the history of the Australian bush, for that was the most severe and devastating bushfire ever to ravage the Victorian timberlands.

When the shroud of smoke lifted, Max, taking his sword, took some consolation from the gloom of death in the stories of epic bravery, fortitude and heroism escape which that day he witnessed.

On the Tuesday after the fire, Mr and Mrs G. Vennell walked into Pescadero, but then carried his two-months-old daughter. After a desperate effort to save their house, they had dashed into the water-hole and the heat had crumpled the bank and the life-saving liquid had flowed away.

To save the child from burns, the mother plastered its body with mud from the bottom of the creek, and the family sheltered behind a large boulder, holding a sheet of iron over them for protection until it became too hot to hold. Sparks and blazing twigs then forced them from their shelter, but the worst of the fire had passed, and their main danger on the trip to the township had been from falling trees.

In addition to the toll on human life was the toll of destruction and misery left in the wake of the fires.

At Kyneton, four mills, twenty houses, timber stacks, and miles of tramway were demolished and 120 persons rendered homeless and destitute. Here alone, without forest destruction, \$20,000 of damage was done.

A factory, the school, and five houses were burned at Erolunda Creek. The Goodwood mill, stacks and sidings, and Soden's mill were

A MAN just back from America says that if he was re-examined he would choose to be a New York dog and live in luxury for the rest of his life. To add to the comfort of New York people Bowes Teller have just released "Loud" which according to their advertisement is an evaluate critique for good house dogs. "Loud" advertises: "Much claims that it is declaiming, less a close worker and is as noisy and as refractory as a ram under the spurrier. Then why waste it on dogs?"

last at Olderup, as well as four miles to the Nagyos-Labourous Bole Forest, but the greatest destruction of residences and business premises occurred at Neeps, in the heart of the timber country.

Here the fire swept in from the west, where forty men, strenuous to hold it, were forced back to another fire from Loch Valley, in the north-west, hunkered itself on the little townships.

Neeps was doomed. That was the last word received on that day; it came in a telephone appeal to Warragul asking for a relief train to be rushed through to take out the women and children. The men staff cut red tape and started, but they could not get through, for the fire had burned bridges on the track.

No more was heard of Neeps until five o'clock the next morning, when Lee Creek staged a daring and hazardous dash through five miles of burning bush and eventually reached Neeps and brought back a dozen and seventeen.

Neary Fumana fared no better, for there only three houses remained

after the fire had passed. In that one night of terror, Kogee was entirely burned off the map, but it grew again—these places always do.

The damage to several and plantations in the timber area was estimated at £200,000, and £200,000 was considered necessary for the immediate relief of the homeless and workless hundreds who had lost their all in the blaze.

The tragedy provoked the unanimous instincts of the general public. The Melbourne "Argus" opened a relief fund on 17th February, and on that day over £11,000 was subscribed. This and other funds were later incorporated in the Lord Mayor of Melbourne's Fund which, by the end of the month had over £110,000 in hand.

Yet the relief given from this source and from Government funds was not always wisely concerted. In 1931, every house except three in Fumana had been built out of solid money but scrub and broken fern were growing around the doors of several places in the district. On one property the scrub and broken fern were growing up through coils of rusting fence wire, "relief" wire which had never been touched since it had been clamped off a wagon nearly five years before.

This is one of the tragedies of the hill lands. The people will not learn even from bitter and tragic experience, or perhaps it is just they are so inured to fire and its havoc that they can permit the fuel for future configurations to accumulate under their noses indifferent to its fire aspect.

The bush flora, cleaned out by fire, soon gathers its habitual litter of discarded logs from the null cuttings, and under-like scrub and broken fern thrive in the environment. At the peak of the stock barrier of 1935, safe, well-built dugouts were constructed near every home and mill, yet by 1936 few, if any, were safe and nest

had collapsed and were unusable. Five hundred and thirty—and took off of ten lives in 1932.

The 1933-34 excess was a notorious fire period and disastrous to the timber resources of Victoria. An early in late October the season had consumed 8000 acres of valuable timber country at Ryers (Bendigo), and was at Somers and Omeo in the Andamooka. In early December, Tullamain, the Oways and Bellarine's roads were devastated in the latter place alone up to £60,000 worth of timber being lost.

January claimed the forest land at Bitch Forest, the Dandenong, Warragul, the Upper Murray, the latter being the tragic of a tremendous fire spread over two hundred miles of country to Canberral, Bullock, Trentham and the Grampians.

These were the major configurations but there were hundreds of others, culminating in Bloody Sunday and tapering off to the minor holocausts in the Great Dividing Range where the small township of Kyneton was practically obliterated ten days later.

Since 1932 the efforts of bush fire brigades and of conscientious forest

engineers have begun to have results. The volunteers were organised, and worked in teams under experienced leaders and with improved methods and fighting equipment in the way of buckets and fire sprays. The motor car improved mobility and enabled quick tactics and quick relief to danger spots.

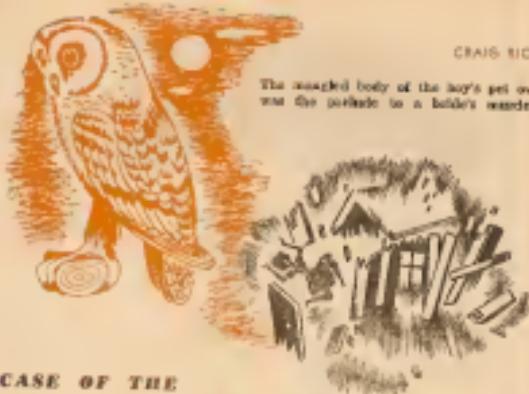
Forestry commissioners, too, best diminished the risk by clearing out undergrowth and cutting substantial fire-breaks, while the R.A.A.F. does a good job fire spotting.

These methods with strict supervision of grazing and timber cutting licences, and of burning of pastures are doing much to minimise the danger, but it all needs manpower and money.

Yet it should be a good insurance premium. We have not timber to burn, only 18 per cent of our total acre is suitable timber, whereas Canada has 38 per cent, and even Great Britain 64 per cent.

Even worse than not so it is worth paying for, if only to prevent another Bloody Sunday. That can happen again.





CRAIG RICE

The mangled body of the boy's pet owl was the prelude to a bolder's murder.

CASE OF THE

## tell-tale OWL

A SIMPLE snapshot. A simple grave. Just a few stones heaped up by loving hands. And over them a rock, a large rock with the words written on it crudely, in white paint: 'Here lies Pete. He got killed.'

Pete got killed, but nobody was satisfied, there was no coroner's inquest, nobody asked How, or Where, or Why. Nobody—well, not exactly. There was one, Pete's one and only neighbor. He knew that Pete had been killed. More than that—he knew Pete had been murdered!

But Pete's one and only neighbor was young, too young to know about police and inquests and laws.

For Pete was not a man. He was an owl. The lone little neighbor's owl pet owl.

Now owls are said to be wise, and we may take little Gordon Ulrich's

word for it that Pete was as wise as an owl could be. And, being wise, Pete would have known who it was that killed him, and that would have helped the police of Kalie, Washington, to solve without delay the riddle of another murder, a murder no less real than the murder of a pet owl, but more interesting to the growing world of police and justice and courts. For in this case the victim was not a pet owl, but a girl. A young girl—she was only sixteen when she died—and a child bride.

But dead owl, the dead men, tell no tales, so it was up to the police of Kalie to find out How and Why and by whom had young Sybill Otto come to her death.

The police of Kalie didn't know it was a murder, not at first. And they knew nothing at all about Pete. All they knew when the call came

through was that a girl had been blown to bits in an explosion at Folke Rock, about two miles from Kalie up along the Columbia River.

When they arrived at the scene they could see nothing more at first than streaks of smoke and a hole in the ground where a house had been. But, and a young man sitting on the ground and weeping as he clutched the mangled body of a young girl to his breast. The victim was Sybill Otto, sixteen, and the young man was her husband, Randolph Otto, wounded war hero.

The only one present who was able to throw any immediate light on what happened was Charles Karswin, a man-by.

"I heard the explosion and saw the building go up. I even saw the girl's body fly up through the air."

Dorothy Ulrich, the victim's 13-year-old sister, told her version of the tragedy.

"I was standing right here in the house. Sybill—she came out of the house and went into the building. A minute later I blew up."

The building which had been wrecked by the blast was an outbuilding of the Ulrich house. Randolph and Sybill Otto had been living with Sybill's parents, Randolph told his story.

"I was in bed at the time. I have been in the 'Veterans' Hospital for almost eight months with a bad leg. Sybill came in to see me just before she went out. We were talking—she just asked me how I felt and if there was anything she could get for me."

"Could it have been suicide, perhaps?" Randolph scolded the idea.

"Kill herself?" No, never. Sybill would never kill herself. She had too much fun living. She was wonderful."

Sybill's father, Charles Ulrich, declared under questioning that he never kept any explosives around the place.

"I can't imagine what happened," he stammered, obviously puzzled as well as grieved. "I just—imagine."

Ulrich—but that was all police could learn from the girl's father. He signed it looked like murder, but refused to venture an opinion, he only shook his head solemnly.

Did Randolph have any wife who might have wanted to kill his wife? "No—no, I guess not."

Meanwhile, out in the park, detectives searching the site of the explosion had picked up some copper wire and a dynamite cap. The killer could have strong wires from the house, but that seemed unlikely, since the Ulrich children, playing in the back yard at the time, would have noticed it. The detectives questioned the youngsters on that point. They had seen nothing. But Gordon, the boy, did have something to tell, and it wasn't about Sybill. It was about an owl.

"I didn't see nobody today," said the child. "But last Tuesday somebody killed my owl."

The boy's sister laughed. Gordon was just a lad, she explained. But the boy persisted. He had named the owl, he said, and named it Pete. Pete stayed close to the house after that, and he was in more a pet as any boy could want. Then—

"Last Tuesday I was over in the woods and I heard an explosion. I found my owl blown up, just like somebody blew up Sybill."

Dorothy scoffed at the boy's story. "The owl wasn't blown up," she laughed. "Some tramp shot it with a shotgun."

Gordon stuck to his story. Pete was blown up. He could tell. "I heard him down by the river," speaking gently as any should about a departed pal.

It was a touching story, but for the moment it was overshadowed by what seemed like much more important evidence. One of the detectives

## WHO'S FOOLING WHO?

Men are darkness ever, as Byron used to say  
Not nearly half as clear in the *cheerful* cheerful way  
As the women who do it with most *laugh* and *gaiety*  
And even *more* when—when it's *all* *cheerful*.  
Foolish is a *real* problem—*to know what's where* Between  
Two *secret* women—*and do* *it* *for* *what* *else* *she* *herself*?—  
Silly's a *real* problem—*to* *call* *it* *cheerful*—  
And *she* *is* *real* *wise* *of* *how* *you* *are* *the* *cheerful*—*to* *call*—  
And *all*—*so* *naive* *will* *give* *you* *bravery* *you* *are* *cheerful*—  
Who *in* *her* *consciousness* *knows* *that* *now* *she* *does* *very* *well*?

had found a fragment behind a sand that was not far away, over-looking the site of the explosion and a thin line in the sand where a wire might have been laid straight from the store to the dynamite out-building. The marines could have determined the dynamite charge from his hiding place behind the sand dune and then pulled the wire back, leaving that thin trace in the sand.

"We have reason to believe your wife was murdered," police now told the young husband. Could he add anything to his statement that might furnish a clue to the identity of the killer?

"I don't know," said Rudolph. "I can't tell you anything."

About other things the young man was more communicative.

"Sybill was just sixteen" he told the police. "She was only fifteen when I married her. We were twenty-five. On I will be tomorrow. My birthday is tomorrow."

He had enlisted in the Navy.

Rudolph said, and moved quickly on the way.

"I was trained in the Naval Sea. They sent me home. I was in the Veterans' Hospital for a while and then I came up here. I couldn't do much work so I got a job selling lamps. That's how I met Sybill."

Sybill's parents, it seemed, had been against the marriage at first, although it was late at first sight. The couple went to Portland and there Rudolph took a job in the shipyards, but the work was too hard and he soon had to leave. He had to go back to the hospital. They had let him out of the hospital two weeks ago and he had come to the Ulrich home to rest.

Questioned concerning other boys in Sybill's life, before they were married, Rudolph shook his head.

"No, maybe some school boys, but nothing serious."

And were their marriage—?

Rudolph waited his gaze and looked grim.

"I don't know," he said sharply as he leaped on the hospital floor again.

A lot of checking into the past lives both Rudolph and Sybill was safely in order.

The first place of information about Sybill came to light after only a few days of investigation. About a month ago she had disappeared from her room two weeks.

She had gone away and her family didn't know where. Mr. Ulrich had gone around town looking for her at a house of a girl friend where she'd someone she was staying, but he found no trace. They traced Sybill and ran away with some man, but he couldn't or wouldn't, say who.

The girl friend with whom Sybill is supposed to have been staying had left and gone to Portland, Oregon, at least forty miles south of Kelso. Police found and questioned her.

The girl's call her Phoenix stated that after Rudolph Otto went to the hospital Sybill stayed at home. He stayed for several months in the same small town and went live with her. Phoenix

Told of Sybill's tragic death, Phoenix is shocked and stunned.

You think Harvey done it?" she asked out.

"Help the boy Sybill can away," Phoenix explained. And then he went on in detail. "She was strong and kind to have a good time. She earned that guy and then he was in the hospital. She liked to get out and at home her parents were really strict. I think she met this fellow Harvey when she and her parents were living in Portland. She talked a lot about him, but I never knew him. And then one day she packed up and left."

Phoenix said she didn't know Harvey's last name, but the steadily dimmed eyes she was holding out on the bed.

"Look," she said, "if Harvey killed

Sybill, do you think I'd hold out on you? If he did it, I hope you find him and his good. I liked Sybill. She was a good lad."

Rudolph, the victim's husband, was equally determined about it, but he seemed to have his own private opinion about who he was and how he should be caught and punished. Told of the latest developments in the case Rudolph said:

"When I get well enough to leave here, I'll take care of that."

But you can't take the law into your own hands, Rudolph was reminded.

"Well see," he replied defiantly. "Whoever killed Sybill will pay for it. If the law wants to take my life after that—well, I have no objection. I'd just as soon die and be with Sybill."

He denied that he knew who the other man was but he himself would attend at that, too, when he got his feet again.

"Sybill was my wife," he said grimly. "I loved her. The revenge for her death will be mine."

The victim's father was also uncooperative, but for another reason.

"Is it necessary to drag that up?" he asked. "We see a very proud family. I have ten other children besides Sybill. We are ashamed of what she did. She has been punished for what she did."

He eventually agreed to talk, but admitted he did not know the name of the other man.

"We located Sybill in Yakima," he said, "but we did not find the other man. She met him in Portland while she and Rudolph lived there. Rudolph worked nights. All I know is that the man is a good decent. Sybill liked to dance, and Rudolph has a bad leg and cannot dance."

At the request of the Kelso police the sheriff of Yakima tried to find a good dancer named Harvey, and it was not to his discredit that he was not immediately able.

THINKERS are classified as "brain-thinkers" and also "word-thinkers" by famous philosopher, Dr. Cyril Burt. Brain-thinkers think in words pictures and their mind is either like a continuous silent picture. Word-thinkers hear the word spoken in their ear. When they get a letter from a friend, they hear him uttering every sentence in his own distinctive voice. Their mind pictures cannot easily be read minds. Dr. Cyril has found the greatest proportion of "word-thinkers" among children, women and most intelligent people.

Time was passing and the trial was getting cold. And the attorney was getting impatient. He had notified the judge, and the request was to be held the next morning at 9:30. It was up to the police to bring in some tangible evidence on which to base a legal decision.

It was at this point that Price, the Owl, stepped—or should I say flew—into the picture.

The boy Gordon's story of his pet owl was only a child's story, of course. But, on the other hand, they have also been known to turn up with a lot of important evidence, just when you least expected it.

The police of Kalgoorlie must have felt like grave robbers that day, but had to do it. They found the little grave where young Gordon had seemingly laid his pet owl to rest. Examination revealed that the boy was right. The owl had been dynamited.

And now another piece of information shifted in. A man in Clackman, Oregon, near Portland, had purchased dynamite a month and a half ago. Checking on this lead, police found he had given a phony address. The name he gave sounded phony, too—

Webster Beld. A month and a half ago—that was about the time Sybill ran away to Portland with that fellow named Harvey. But what would Harvey be doing experimenting on Gordon's pet owl so near the Ulrich home? And what would be his motive in killing Sybill? When it came to motive, who had a better motive than Rudolph Otto himself? Wouldn't it seem, then, to do a little checking on Rudolph?

Investigations at the Veterans Hospital near Portland brought quick and surprising results. The records there showed that Rudolph Otto had served on a mine layer in the North Sea. The superintendent said:

"Mr. Otto was conducting an experiment here with a new type of mine. We gave him a room in the basement to use as a shop."

There was no time to be lost. The coroner's inquest was being held that morning, and there was still one important problem facing the Kalgoorlie police. How did Rudolph set off the charge when he was in bed in the house at the time of the explosion. Testimony that was supported by others, including Sybill's mother? No trace of wires had been found leading to the bedrooms. On the contrary, the wires seemed to lead out to the dunes by the river. The charge must have been set off by electricity, and there was no electric power in the house.

The searchers found what they were looking for inside a pillow on the bed—two flashlight batteries and a coil of very fine copper wire wound up on a spool. Otto had planned the bomb in the outbuilding there he had run the wires out, connecting them somehow from view, and, when the explosion went off, be singly pulled in the wire, removed it on the spool and led the whole apparatus inside the pillow.

The police arrived late at the coroner's inquest, but with the vital evidence in their hands.

Right then and there Rudolph Otto

pleaded that he had done it.

"I worked on my mine so that I did give her the same things she wanted. I figured if I could perfect a new type of mine, better than that one I had put in the North Sea to sink the German boats, the Government would buy it from me and I would have lots of money to spend as Sybill came from the hospital filled with exhaustion. Then I found out she had been away with another man. I told her nothing. I pretended I was more sick than I was so I could work at my plan."

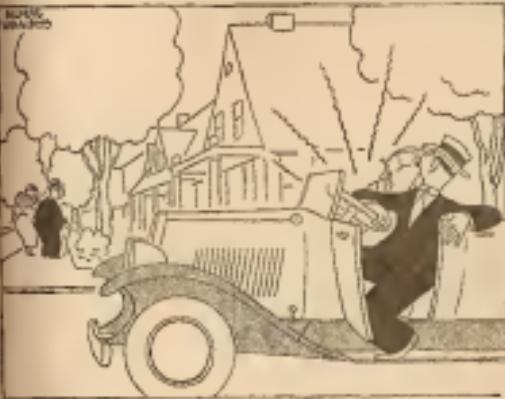
It is true that I blew up the owl.

I used the experimental mines I made in the hospital for that. I had the dynamite with me because I intended to go on with my experiments. I used all of it. I placed it in the outbuilding and set the copper wires to it. When I saw Sybill go into the building, I set it off with the flashlight batteries. After the explosion, I pulled the wires into my room and hid it under the bed.

Which only shows one more how misleading clues can be.

And how even a dead owl or a dead man, for that matter, can sometimes tell true tales than the living.

## THE WORLD AT ITS WORST



IN TRYING TO SLIP OUT OF THE CAR AND INTO A FRIEND'S HOUSE, UNDISCOVERED BY THE WIMPLES, WITH WHOM YOU HAD JUST SPENDED A TALL DATE BY FLICKING A BAD HEADACHE, YOU LEAN HEAVILY ON THE HORN.

# IT STARTED *this Way*

Petruska polished up his leather belt and buckled it round his torso. He was tired, but a Roman soldier with a broad reputation couldn't let up on the grit and polish if he was worth his salt. It was salt day tomorrow, too, and he had none. His self-respect buy him many times. Petrusek was busy collecting his salt; he has never been feathered, because his "salt" day was the first pay day. We still collect our salt, but the word has grown to "salary."



It was the 1200's, and at last people had begun to play "mots" without fear of retribution, and not only was the king late, but it was whispered that Queen Mary herself had become an ensorcer!

And indeed she had. It was in fact she, who had been educated in France, who first referred to the big wile stored in the salt cause as a "cadet"—so named in French "sait."

Hence—the "salary" of today.

Down in Chequers the ladies twittied round the old ladies. The established Chequers ladies didn't like it at all. There was a steady stream of ladies of fashion flowing to the colored cause for his ingenuous devotion that carried the thread as need. The mordacious joined them. But the old ladies refused to discuss his secret even when he died. That was in 1582 and the first needles ever sold became hooklions, for it was not till 1629 that the art of making them was rediscovered by Christopher Gresham and his sons.

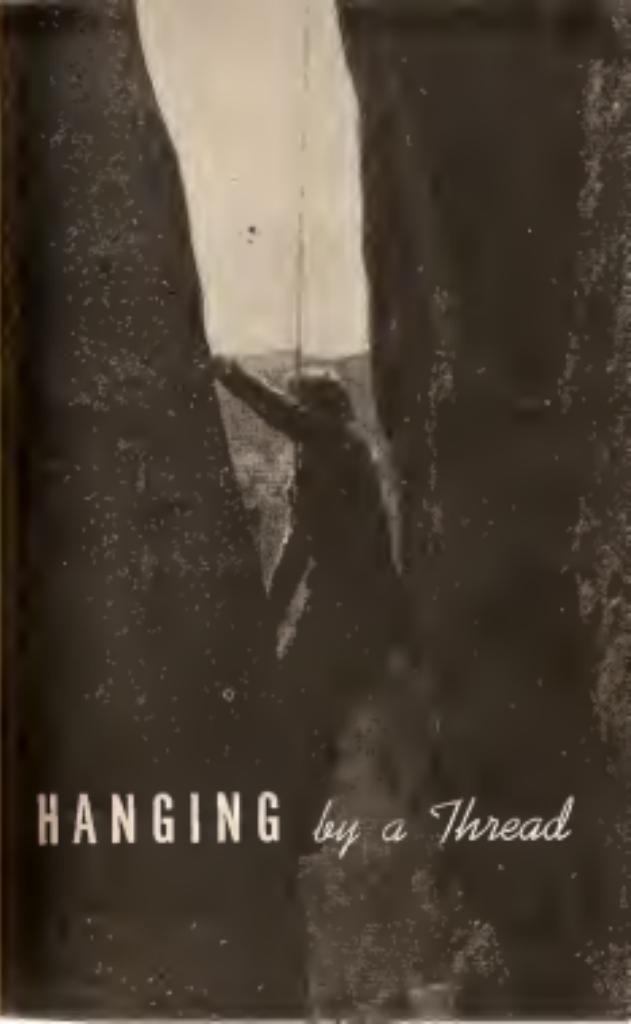


There was indignation amongst the only fathers of Brussels one September day in 1658. Other cities in Flanders were asking importers so similar to theirs that the rich importers were buying them without knowing.

The burghers got together and late that same year passed a law which brought the first trade mark into existence and protected their industry. The mark was a shield with a B on either side woven into the tapestries, the coat of arms of Brussels itself. Now trade marks are earned by almost every commodity.

Old Joe the farm laborer watched through the window of the workshop when hurried down to the village inn. "Ed Whistler and Phineas Miller have made a machine that separates cotton from the seeds," he reported.

Before the astonished onlookers had collected their wits, scores of business had carried off the machine to copy it. Ed Whistler and Miller had won the distinction of knowing that in 1790 they invented the first machine and productivity was increased a thousandfold.



## HANGING by a Thread



**MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING** indicates the hardy souls that tackle dangerous cliffs for the sheer joy of walking up walls. Here is a close-up of the man pictured on the previous page held from death by a single rope as he climbs a forbidding letter-box "chimney" of Mount Currie in Canada. Skill and judgment, patience and strength are all important. Right, above—Belaying the leader. Penny Jenkins another member of the Alpine Club of Canada keeps an eye on the rope. If the second or third climber on the rope falls, he can be held. If the leader falls—it's just too bad. Right, below—A nail in the wall is all the help the leader has when the pitch between ledges is too smooth.





NYLON HAS STRENGTH as well as glamour if it's in a properly coiled rope. Alpine climbers are as careful of these ropes as flyers of their parachutes. A tangle could be the difference between life and death.



OVER THE TOP on a formation known as a figure-eight. First rule for climbers is that if one hand is moved the other hand and both feet must be firmly set. The mountaineer had to learn to do all this to get these pictures.



**TECHNICAL INTERLAUDE.** Chambers' equipment includes special boots. Hand-made, they have metal clips around the edges called "wing nuts". Centre studs are "triggers". Below is the Carabiner used with the peto and attached to it with a snap hook. The chalk holder runs his rope through the overseamer, and lets up pulls it free. These devices are with their ropes and carabiners across the climber's safety equipment.





BACK FROM THE HAZARDS of the climb the Alpinists made the rope that has bound them together through their adventure. Ropes are tied with special knots that won't slip or tighten and bunch.

## WHAT GREAT MINDS THINK—



"The pebbled sunbathing man"

Tennyson

"The greatest enemy to man is man."

Burton

"The man who smokes, thinks like a sage, and acts like a Socrate."

Lytton

"The man who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors is like a potato,—the only good boasting in him is under ground."

Sir Thomas Overbury

"The man within the mask that acts,  
And to another's skill subdues,  
Is safer much (Whichever arm'd)  
And warmer too than he that drives."

Prior

"Young men think old men are fools; but old men know young men are fools."

Chapman

"A rickhouse is the leastest stone that the devil can throw at a man."

Heath

"No man is insatiable to the art of life till he has been well sampled."

George Eliot

"The man that blabes is not quite a knave."

Young

"The man that has no friend at court,  
Man make the laws confine his sport;  
But he that has, by deed of fives  
May make his sport confine the laws."

Chatterton

"Protestations with men are like tears with women, forgot are the check be dry."

Middleton

"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty! In form and movement! How express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a god! The beauty of the world! The paragon of animals!"

Shakespeare

"Three things a wise man will not trust,  
The wind, the surprise of an April day,  
And woman's pledged faith."

Southey



# SEÑOR TOMAS

runs a war

© LEONARD MARTIN

A REVOLUTION, thought Turner, was a thing Alonso Hambrico, was a thing he very shod there.

The sharp little eyes danced playfully over and over the scribbled note that had been handed to him. Like a thin, nervous bird he hopped out of his croaking office chair, stopped to the doorway, returned to his cabin, his thoughts in revolution as much

"Revolution?" And here was his Cuban Verde warehouse bulging fat with boxes from芙蓉王 and grosoros and golosinas that he had smuggled up for a long time after the Revolución started. Not one went all. These were the descuidados needed supplies he had bought at Atenas, smuggling them as long time like soldiers on the shelves at El Círculo—true, the carts were a little dusty and faded, were they not hate?

He looked at the note again. Then he called his secretary:

"MUTATIONE QUONIAM ETIA"

*Marquita sericea*, often used for garnish and garnishing.

"Bear?"

"Marguerite, my sweet plumed  
like parrot, please to sit down,"  
Lover beamed at her.

### <sup>131</sup>I-*Chu1G*

... been given to the  
matter. Your esteemed employee has  
been of the considerable assistance  
"Simeon."

There is

“Took me a long time, little boy.”

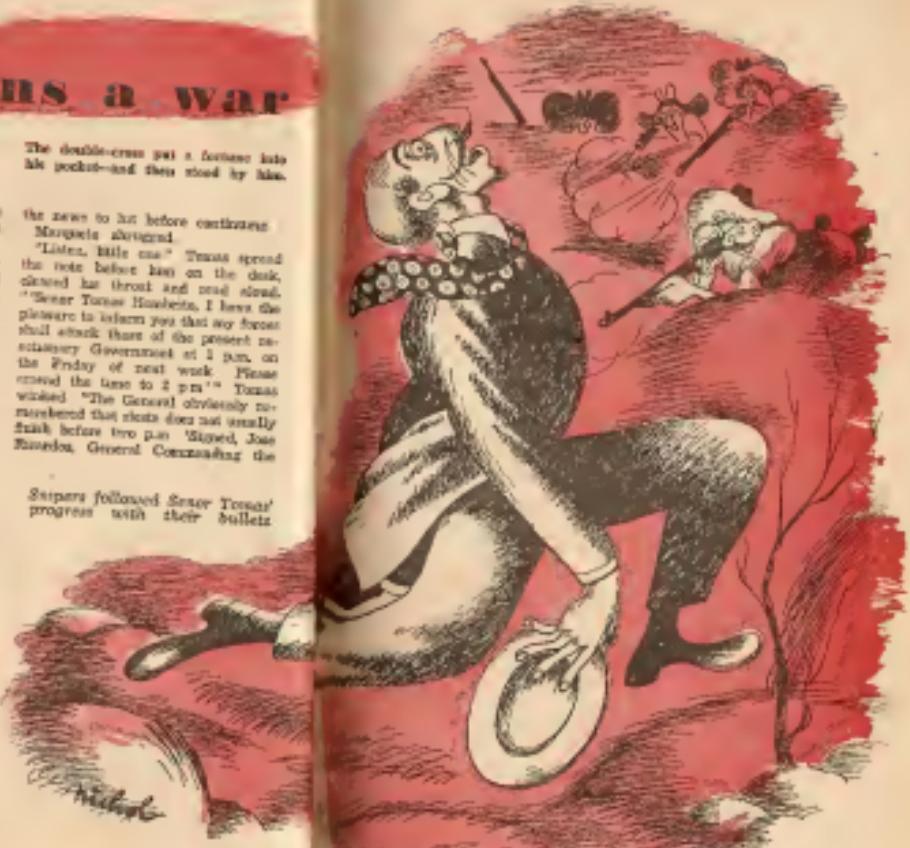
卷二 國際化與政治

The double-crossed *pat* a fortune into his pocket—and then used by his

the name to him before continuing.  
Margolin abrogated.

"Listen, little one," Texas spoke.  
The note below was on the desk.  
"I have closed my throat and nose since  
"Dear Texas Headquarters, I have the  
pleasure to inform you that my forces  
shall attack those of the present re-  
sistance Government at 1 p.m. on  
Friday of next week. Please  
move the time to 2 p.m." Texas  
winked. "The General obviously has  
remembered that slate does not usually  
break before two p.m." Signed, John  
Bender, General Commander.

Ships followed Senior Torpedo progress with their bulletins.



Rebel Forces of Soltane?"

"There is not a footnote, little chancy. The General says he shall need uniforms, medical supplies, hats and uniforms."

Marguete's lovely eyebrows raised themselves in understanding.

Tomas checked. Then suddenly he added: "Of course, you understand, little man, this is a military secret. Now please to take your pencil and pad while I dictate terms to the General for the purchase of these necessary commodities."

Tomas was happy. The words that passed were indeed good ones, if somewhat quiet for a revolution.

Ay, ay—what a revolution!

Underwear, hats, boots, garrison hats, undershirts, and a hundred other articles of war descended from Tomas' waistcoat like angry ants from a disturbed nest.

Then—Monte de Des—cover the order!

Two million rounds of small arms ammunition. To be delivered at once to the Government garrison at the Canada. The cost? Post to the coast.

Tomas was beside himself with joy.

Then, all at once, Tomas checked himself. "Or at least, Marguete rather charitably struck a stick in the wheel. "Sister," she pointed out, with a pause, "we have not of the ammunitions."

"Tomas' heart gave a leap. "We have not of the arms—." They had done make out a smile of relief. "But of a certainty, little person. There is much ammunition. Remember you act the representative your Assemble Potosi purchased from the late President of Bolivia?"

"But Sister Boss, that—"

"Enough! I go in the persons to deliver the bullets within the box." He strode impatiently from the room and collided at the doorway with a tall, uniformed stranger who had just entered.

"You talk of bullets, Sister Mar-

guez?" he enquired merrily.

Tomas straightened his hat. The stranger went on: "Is it not a marvel that I should enter at this preposterous moment, Sante? When I see, wish to talk of—bullets?" He clasped his hands and bowed again. "Permit me, Sante, to introduce myself: General Basilio Okivice, of the Rebel Forces of Soltane—at your service!"

"You wish for bullets, Sante General?"

"Of a marchion, Sante—ay, two million rounds?"

"Two million rounds?" Tomas spread his hands in dismay. "I am overruled with grief for your cause, Basilio!" he cried. His mouth dropping with anguish, "already have I sold two million rounds to the reactionary Government forces, but those last few rounds I have not more of ammunition."

The General seemed unperturbed. "Have you yet delivered?"

"No, Sante General, but—"

Then knowing as he did the criminal natureness of our enemy the Government, I do not doubt that you were affected—perhaps even nervous perhaps?"

Tomas lowered his eyebrows. "Perhaps Excellency."

"Then all is well," the rebel exclaimed, with a sweeping gesture. "We shall pay you few curious per lugit?"

"Coch?"

"Coch—even at this moment, Sante?"

The General hastily scurribled a cheque, and handed it to the delighted Tomas.

Tomas snatched and spread his hands in a dramatically gesture. "The honour you have given me is great, Excellency. To show my everlasting gratitude, I shall deliver the ammunitions myself!"

"With my help," boomed the General, and bowed.

The bounding hills of Soltane were passed pure gold for Tomas Alonso

valdano. Before and behind him walked pack-mules laden with two-way bulletts of four cartesian species, and on either side of the train relayed vehicles kept pace as they led the procession towards their destination.

Arg, gold! was good, even though a sin.

He would have to do some explaining to the Government authorities, of course. He had received their cheque and cashed it. But he had not disclosed the transaction. He would not, of course, tell that he had not been possible.

Then a peculiar thing happened. Each rebel raised his standing with a hand raised above his head, and had each man stood an armed Government soldier with gun pointing. For the moment, Tomas was stunned. Then his brow cleared. Why would he worry? He had his sturdy and warning.

Suddenly a huge Government soldier stepped up to him. "You are Sante Basilio?" He demanded.

Tomas bowed as best he could. "The General wishes to speak with you." He laughed complacently.

"I consider it an honour to talk with the General," Tomas conceded.

At last, they reached headquarters. Tomas dismounted and was immediately admitted to a large room furnished liberally with maps and brightly undressed officers.

He was pushed forward.

The General rose.

"Sante Basilio," he said, getting to the point, "it leaves me desolate, I think that a gentleness of your own administrative ability should become so confused as to the destination of the goods he sells."

"Sante General?"

"Is it not a thing of much wonderment that when the Government buys a commodity, it should be addressed to the army officials?"

Tomas exploded. "The fortunes of

War—" he shrugged his shoulders. "often do unsightly peccadilloes." the General added for him. "Sante Basilio, as you took such great risks getting here, the officers of my command and myself, decided to try you in your absence. We found you guilty."

The General went on. "We have passed sentence. We have decided to allow you to return to Case Verde."

Tomas' face lit with relief.

"Honor General! Excellency!"

The General raised his hand. "There are one or two things I must explain, Sante. Case Verde is from here but less radio—by foot. If we had a horse we would gladly give it to you."

"There is my mule, Basilio!"

"Understand, we have confiscated all mules, Sante."

"But—"

"You must walk to Case Verde. Along the route you will see many suspect parties. They have by now been supplied with ammunitions—the bulletts you wrongly addressed. I have instructed each of them to be on you as you pass with your bulletts."

\* \* \*

Tomas Basilio rated languidly across the water.

"Truly it is not wonderful," he answered professedly to Marguete, "how the days change."

Marguete plucked him at the grapes in his hand.

"Sante?"

Tomas explained. "To-day Spring住 within me. Yesterday," he continued, expectantly, "my feet ached."

"The Case Verde Road is long and hard, Sante Boss."

"It is paved with my forgotten bulletts."

"It should have been paved with your corpus, Sante. Were the mripes such bad sheep?"

Tomas shrugged. "One can not blame them, Marguete. Ma. What could they kill with black cartridges?"

# the DROUGHT was BROKEN

They were brothers—till the drought had scoured their tempers as hot as the earth.

MARGE J. FANNING

KEN stepped into the kitchen. He threw his hat on the table. Dusted along to his clothes and crossed his boots. There were not streaks of it on his face.

Joe was there. He was cutting a slice from a stamp of bread. An open tin of strong-smelling fish was on the table and a jar of cold tea.

Ken picked up a cup and filled it, drinking the tea down in great noisy gulps.

Neither of the men spoke.

Joe pushed the bread across to his brother, but Ken gave no sign that he noticed. He pulled out his empty pipe and stuck it between his teeth, then looked past Joe, out through the open door.

Three long years of drought had stripped the parched, sun-baked earth of everything but the dry red dust. From where he sat, Ken could see their few meek, under-nourished sheep. There were but eleven head.

dead of them now. They'd brought them nearer the house. He could see them standing close together in the corners of the paddock, trying to get shade from one another as the blazed, scorched sun beat down on them. Several were lying down. Ken guessed they were dead.

"I'm going to take the sheep to town," he said abruptly.

Joe was sitting on the end of the table.



Joe grabbed him by the coat and punched him on the jaw.

He looked up, startled, when Ken spoke. He kept his eyes on his brother's face. There was a peculiar expression on his eyes.

Ken was holding on his pipe and looking out the door. He went on talking. He could have been speaking to himself.

"The willows're practically gone. So is the wheat. We've got to cash in or we'll lose the sheep anyway." He

tapped the bowl of his pipe with his finger. "The drought's got to be him. If some poor fool made me sit after for the place now, I'd take it."

Joe put down his bread. Something was bolted up inside him. There was a redness in front of his eyes.

"Like hell you would," he said in a lead voice.

It was Ken's turn to look startled. He had been tilting back on his chair, letting it swing on two legs. Now the other legs came down with a clatter. He took his pipe out of his lead voice.

## AWAY WITH LONG HAIR

Long hair it is said is mark of  
guitar  
Endowing us men with  
appearance  
But many a man with thoughts  
around  
Has been replaced by inexperience  
When confronted by an auto  
bus  
With evidence of inexperience and  
And consequently makes a way  
To search for long hours on the  
coast

mouth and set looking up at his brother.

"Where's the idea?" he asked him.

"Um," Joe said, and punched him in the jaw.

Ken put his hand to his face, but he didn't stand up. He shoved both hands into the pockets of his trousers and waited.

Joe's eyes blazed. His face was white now.

"Some Dad died, you've run this place without asking my opinion on anything, without even telling me what you were doing half the time," he shouted. "You're run my life the same way. But you're not going to do me down if I flys here!"

Ken sat motionless, hardly breathing.

Joe was almost hysterical.

"This! This place is mine, and don't forget it! I'll never let you sell And you're not taking the stock either I'd rather see them dead!"

Ken dropped himself in his seat. He took his jacket from a chair against the wall. He picked up his hat. Calmly he walked to the door, then turned and looked back. Joe was watching him.

Ken suddenly lowered his question. "I'll be back when you've knocked a bit of sense into your head," he said. "I'll leave the sheep to you now."

He went out.

Joe heard his horse going down the track past the house.

There was a silence silence in the house. Even the clock in the kitchen had stopped. Outside it was the same. Not a sound. Joe gripped the edge of the table with both hands. He was as if everything wanted—done what?

He began to laugh. Quietly at first then louder, louder until the sound of his voice echoed through the house. He had broken the deathlike silence. He was free.

He went over to the cupboard and took a bottle from the corner. It was whisky. Ken would take a drink only when he was in town. He wouldn't touch it at home. He said a good farmer never drank at home.

Joe poured some whisky into a glass. His confusion had dissolved him of energy and feeling. He didn't care now what happened. Nine years of pent up resentment and dampness, spent had broken free in one wild eruption. It was over. Ken could sell the place. He could do what he liked. What did it matter?

Ken was always right. He knew it. Joe knew it. That was it. He was always right. Even about Esther he was right.

Joe was chosen when their father was killed. It was less than a year after his wife had died. He fell off his horse. Joe thought he had been choking. He said as to Rita, but Rita had been but was. Ken was thicker than. He had been over.

Joe stood, looking around with surprise and sorrow. He didn't want to walk on the land. But Ken had shown him what a waste it would be. So Joe stayed on.

That was nine years ago.

They were partners. Ken said they were. That was what their father said. But it was Ken who made no decisions, who bought and sold the stock.

Joe was young. He knew that. But he got older it was just the same. There were the times he tried farm work without asking Ken. Something always happened.

Even the time he grew the pumpkin for the show. Joe had gardened for a long time he had a small vegetable patch at the back of the house. He didn't bother about it now. The pumpkin was a beauty. Joe never saw such a big one. He had been looking at it every morning, waited to see it grow while he worked. He decided to put it in the show. Ken didn't worry about now. He said he was too busy to be bothered caring up his sheep or cleaning his barns for people to stare at.

Joe was proud of his pumpkin. He didn't tell Ken about it. Ken hardly ever went near the vegetable garden. Joe came to early from the peddler's on nights before the show. He wanted to have a look at his pumpkin. He would cut it the next day.

He hurried around the house and back over the garden. The pumpkin wasn't there. He felt about with his hands, then back the leaves, even dug up a little of the earth with his fingers. There was no pumpkin.

He went inside. Ken was there, holding a place at east over the fire.

Joe was silent. He went and sat in the corner and pulled off his boots. Ken spoke to him over his shoulder.

"I never saw that big pumpkin in the garden to Mrs. Bertram," he said. "We'll never get through it. I don't like the staff much anyway. The right young Bertram will make short work of it."

Joe was still silent.

Ken turned around.

"You don't begrudge them the laughs, do you?" he asked. "I think

the time you put in in the garden could be better spent, anyway. There's more important work to be done on the place than growing a lot of fancy vegetables for the two of us."

Joe packed up his boots and walked across the floor and out the door. But he didn't speak. Ken strangled his shoulders as he looked after him. Then he went back to his cooking.

Joe took it badly, but it didn't last. He went down to the kitchen after dinner and got Jess. Jess was his own dog, although they used her for the sheep.

He tramped over the paddocks and out to the road, the dog trotting along at his side. Evening was falling in a soft grey dusk. As he passed the Bertram's house, young Jenny was trundling firewood through the gate in his bicycle.

"That was a beaut pumpkin you grew as Mr. Joe," he said, grinning broadly. "The biggest one I've ever seen."

Joe dug his hands further into his pockets. His heart rattled a little with pride.

Miss Bertram walked down to the gate, a baby tucked under one arm. "You, Joe, it was a lovely pumpkin," she called. "We had ideas for our dinner. It couldn't have tasted nicer."

Joe smiled and nodded. He walked on, feeling better already. Someone knew it had been a good pumpkin. It would have won a prize at the show.

When we broke out, Joe had wanted to enlist. He had been in town the day the news came through. He wanted to put his name down then, but he waited. He'd get things straightened up a bit and held off till Ken. But he didn't.

One day a letter came for Ken. He opened it and handed it to Joe to read. It was an order for Ken to report to duty. He had joined the Army.

They were hard years for Joe, the

Since that Ken was away, Joe had been almost happy struggling along on his own. Mr. Bertram had helped him for a time, but as soon as he turned eighteen, Vic was off, too.

It was just after Ken came back that Joe had first noticed Esther. She was growing up then. He remembered her when she was lanky and awkward, like a spindly-legged oak, with a metal brace on her front teeth and perhaps down her back. Then suddenly he noticed she was as long as ever. Her figure was graceful and she was bright. Seventeen she looked older. She never came home in her father's store at the town.

Joe was even busier after Ken came back. There were lots of things Ken wanted done to get the place in order.

While Ken was away, Joe had bought some pigs. He'd decided there was money in them. There were only eight when Ken came home. Joe had built a sty himself, carefully following the printed instructions in a copy of "The Country Gentleman," and keeping the boards always whitewashed and spotless.

Ken had been back a week. Joe went into town, and when he came home, Ken was trawling down the walls of the sty and neatly racking the timber.

"What are you doing?" Joe stood staring at him in dismay.

"I'm putting it down. It'd be as the way when we put up the new new walls."

Joe clenched his hands tightly. His face was red.

"What've you done with the pigs?"

"I got a good price for you. That's what made me sell. Bob Winter came round this afternoon and offered to take the lot."

Joe usually hit him then. It took all his self-control to hold the punch back. He knew it was useless hitting him.

Then there was Esther.

They were fighting the third year of the drought. Joe went into town for supplies. The wheat was getting low.

That was the day he first began to think of Esther as a woman. He saw her as a woman. She was twenty. Her hair no longer fell on her shoulders. She had it twisted into a soft band around her head. Her lips were full and painted a bright auburn. She was a lowered-browed blouse.

Joe watched her from inside the store. She was talking to Bill and Harry Bertram, tilting her head on one side and pursing her lips in mock disapproval at what they said to her. Her eyes flashed from one to the other. She was pretty.

When Joe went to give her his order, he found he was nervous. He stumbled. He was angry with himself. Esther studied at him, her head on one side as it had been when she talked with the others. As she bent over him to take his hand, her hand brushed his. It could have been accidental.

Joe went into town as often as he dared. He stood around in the store, not in any hurry to make his purchases. He stayed afterwards talking to Esther, lingering so late that he had to ride like fury to be back in time for milking.

It was only a month ago that he had asked her to walk with him down the river bank one Saturday afternoon.

The sun had been shining. Even though the river bed was dry and the grass was bent to thick stems on the banks, and he knew he went as soon as to the fight against the drought, he was happy. He took Esther's hand, and they swung along together like light-hearted children.

All the way home he thought about her. How could he make a girl as clever as her now? It would be years before they were on their feet again, even if the drought ended now. What would Ken say if he knew he wanted to get married?

It was a month ago today. A few days later Ken had gone to town. As they sat at the table to eat dinner, Ken said:

Young Esther at the store between now and a seductive little wench," Joe had his mouth full. He grunted. "They she's had her head turned over with all the fun the men make of her," Ken went on. "Her father doesn't take enough notice of her. I've seen her out in Jack Lawton's wagon a lot after sundown."

Joe swallowed huffily. Jack Lawton had a place fifteen miles out of town. He was always hanging around the place in there. His reputation with women wasn't good. Joe couldn't believe Esther would go out with him.

"Are you sure it was Esther?" he asked his brother.

"Positive. I saw her only a few days ago when I went down to town's. She waved to me and sang."

Joe didn't believe it. Then he re-

membered how Esther talked to the men. He'd heard her. She always had an audience for them. Sometimes as she chatted, she kept looking at him when he was in the store, standing in the background. He remembered, too, the day one of the men had had a hand on her. She had pushed it away and smacked his face. But it had been done playfully, and she had laughed with them afterwards.

Once or twice he had seen Jack Lawton in there. Looking around the counter talking to her. He'd never stayed long when Joe had been there.

Maybe Ken was right. Perhaps she was just a saucy little tart. Joe pushed away his plate. He couldn't eat any more.

He'd been in the store only once since then. Ken was with him. Joe had known Esther was looking at him but he wouldn't let his eyes meet hers. Ken did the ordering.



and Joe discussed the drought with the men standing about.

Ken told him now and then that his father was trying to misery her off to one of the Barlow boys. It might be true. He didn't care.

It was getting dark. Joe raised his head and reached again for the bottle. It was almost empty. He pushed back his chair and stood up. He was a little unsteady on his feet.

Joe woke next morning to the feeling that something was wrong. He was lying on top of the bed fully clothed. His head throbbed dullly. His mouth and tongue felt thick and swollen. But there was more. He listened. Outside there were birds. A lot of them. They flew overhead squawking and shrieking as they went.

There hadn't been birds for a long time. They had left when the drought set in.

Joe struggled to his feet. He was hurt as the light caught them.

He went out through the kitchen.

The door stood open. He looked out then caught his breath.

There were clouds coming up. Great banks of them. Not the light fluffy clouds that come in to moisten the earth. These were dark, passing suddenly over their heads, as though this vapor as they watched. The sun was dark, heavily hidden, rain clouds. They had suddenly blotted out the sun.

That was why he had heard the birds. They were flying before the rain.

He had hardly time to plunge his face into the little water left in the bowl, to light the fire for his tea when the rain came. Not blessed, quenching, adjustring rain, but great torrents that lashed the roof and the ground with a noise like the crackling of thousands of whips.

The drought was broken.

It seemed like that for three days. The river had risen, angry and swollen, overflowing its banks. But Joe didn't care.

On the fourth morning he went out to see the sheep. They had started to climb before the rain began. They were fighting now to keep their feet. Water was sweeping down the hillside. It washed the cracked, naked earth into a thick, yellow mass and ran steadily in the flooded paddocks until it covered the lower ones.

As he waded through the paddocks Joe saw the foetus away and brush. The water was moving swiftly. It loosened the parts in the sodden, saturated ground. If Ken had been there, he would have been running about, shouting orders, knowing what to do.

Joe squared his shoulders. He was alone. That was one time he could show Ken he wasn't a fool.

Hours later, deep in the water, he was still working with plough and sappers. The flood-gates had broken loose and had been swept away.

He was naked to the skin. His back ached, his legs were numb. His

shoes had no feeling as he grasped the wire. His brain was fogged.

Where was Ken? He should have been there.

Something heavy bumped against him. He looked down. It was a ram, drowned, lying on its back. Behind it was another. There were sheep wherever he looked. All of them were still and dead.

Suddenly Joe started to laugh. He stood helplessly, staring down wantingly in the water. He didn't know why he laughed. Perhaps it was seeing the drowned sheep. Ken had wanted to tell them. He wouldn't let him. He had his horn. But Ken was right. He was always right.

Joe dropped the sappers. He was still laughing as he slipped to gropes in the water. The foot slipped and he clattered desperately at the nearest post. It turned toward him, cracked slowly, then toppled. His legs were numb. They wouldn't hold him up.

As he fell, he heard someone shouting. Ken had come home.



# Isn't it strange?

by *Cilson*



... the tooth paste which is guaranteed to bring Justice to the dishonest molar, not only does it cure everything from dentifluff to hemorrhoids, then, it can also be used for cleaning deer tracks.



That although I buy all the best products advertised in the greatest magazines such as ...



... And I wouldn't dream of using anything but "Hairo" for what's left of my wavy hair. Any day now new I will be mobbed by thousands of glorious women, all fighting for a lock of my hair. That's what the ad said, anyway ...



... and what a terrible skin and old "Peppo" feeling of ... Out of bed every morning like a jet propelled cork, skipping everyone on the bank and being slipped down in reverse ...

Of course, I wouldn't dream in anything but the best advertised tonic and fine lotion. Yet ...

SO EXCLUSIVE

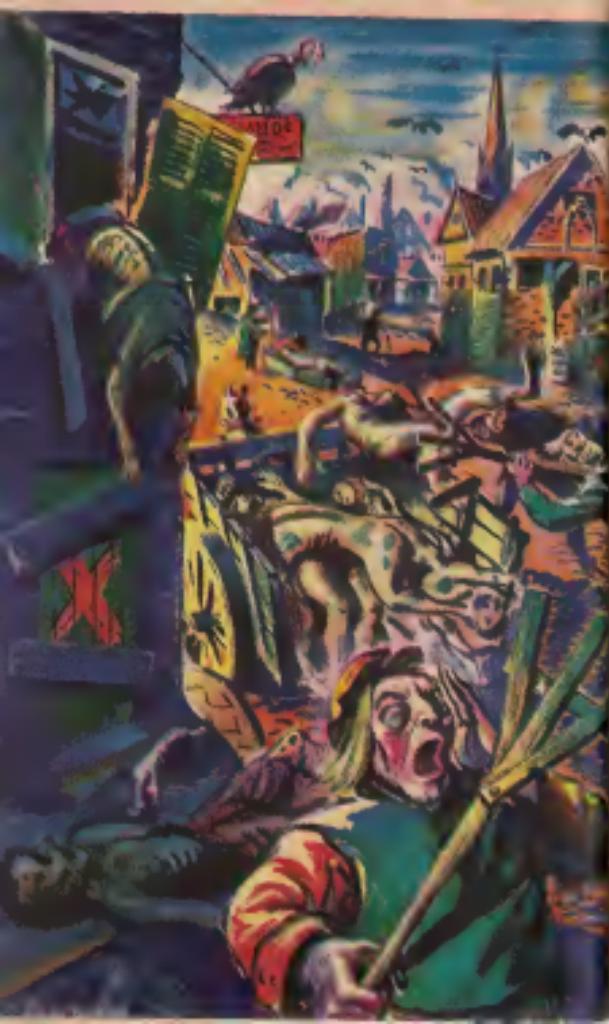
Isn't it strange, that although I use all these invaluable aids in the pursuit of masculinity perfection, I **ALWAYS LOOK SO MUCH LIKE ME!**

## *Little Woman, N.B.—*

A. following  
Frisking  
Jolly good night  
Was had by all and all.  
What if old Worcester knocked up night?  
What if old Joe took a fall?  
The boys were together, together again  
They hadn't relaxed in a year!  
Courting  
And visiting  
I herbs to explore  
In other boyish banner my dear  
You can bring on the deer too  
They're jolly good fun!  
But your muscles will flax  
With these Friskers  
When you're out with the boys  
And you answer the japs  
Off fast, annihilated grandeur.  
No deer, they were neither disgracing nor crude  
Imagine poor Jack living that way!  
You know Peter wouldn't tell tales that are model  
Why, he had almost nothing to say!  
A resistance,  
Boisterous  
Dinner we had,  
With laughter and clinking of glass  
We relished of the best of the deer good and bad  
How quickly such evenings pass;  
Laughing  
And chaffing  
And carrying on.  
They forgot about time, anyway.  
So that's how it was. You can well understand  
At a night it was great, at a night it was grand.  
And now you don't think that I really was there.  
Well, I was. So were Men and fest.

MORRIS MELROD





JACY NILAND

# Bring Out YOUR DEAD ...

They saw lights and smelled smoke,  
and died to travel in the dead-curt

It was nothing new, this shadow  
which rose out of the East and  
out into the civilized world into a  
spooklight gloom from which forty  
million were never to rise again.

From Greek times, mysterious  
plagues which came in a night and  
raged for years had been known  
to Europe. In Asia the Assyrians had  
come down like a wolf on the fold,  
and typhus had come like a wolf on  
the Assyrians, for that was the de-  
struction of Sennacherib's army. In  
the 14th century the Black Death de-  
stroyed sixty million, and escaped to  
leave a desolation and lack of man-  
power that grass grew between the  
ruin-stones of London streets.

And here again, in 1854, was a  
foreign sailor lying on the Wapping  
Stairs, clutching his groin and retching  
in agony. They fished open his shirt,



and there on his flesh, grotesquely  
patched with blisters, were the virulent  
marks of the plague, "the tokens."

The Black Death and the Great  
Plague were both bubonic fevers, carried  
by the fleas from the rats which  
swarmed through the stinking com-  
pacts of streets, screened in the  
head-high piles of household refuse  
which stood as filthy pools at every  
corner, haunted the dark, filthy  
houses which crawled with vermin of  
every kind.

Long before the Greeks had sus-  
pected that the rat was the carrier of  
plague (Or the sister of Apollo, the  
god who preserved against it, a small  
rat was often depicted beneath the  
god's foot.)

But the people of Britannian Eng-  
land had forgotten. When the Great  
Plague started its rampage they

A MAN may be worth \$1000 a year in business capacity, but this capacity is dependent on a physical body worth about 50, in chemicals. Man is made up of 65 per cent oxygen, 15 per cent carbon, 13 per cent hydrogen, 3 per cent nitrogen, 2 per cent calcium, 1 per cent phosphorus and 1 per cent copper, zinc and what not. His body is soft, brittle and vulnerable and its survival is partly due to its spare parts. What are they? A spare eye, a spare ear and several spare fingers and toes.

blamed the cats and dogs and killed them off, and threw the bodies into the river, where they fed the rats.

Take a walk through London, the city whose gates have been thrown open to death. Two hundred thousand houses already find into the country, and ten thousand houses are locked up. The heavy boarders nailed firmly over the windows and doors are given testimony to the general flight of their owners.

The railings round the few houses are spattered with sudden rubbish, and the overboards clustered with litter blown in by the wind—a wind that has lost its freshness and blown putrid and stale through the deadly mouths.

The streets are silent and empty now. Down the lanes and by-ways the nests and flocks nest curmudge-like over the following remnants of garbage and the rats dance blearily before confronting on their terrible way. There is no Pied Piper to charm them away this time, no hopeful cure in this land of pestilence.

The air is filled with an intolerable odour. It comes from houses speckled with red cross where doors hang half open and windows break on

their hinges; from the occupiers of fifth and sixth floor lodgings in the sun; from the alleys where rotting carcasses lie in last stages of decomposition. For the dead—dead does not bother with bodies difficult to handle.

Have and there free an upper window a starved white face looks out, belonging to the survivor of a household emaciated that lie for forty days. For the wealthy this method of isolation was effective, for the poor it was impossible, for no poor man could buy enough food at the time to last for six weeks.

They were always gnawing teeth, gnawing with their disease-infested hands at food in the open markets, bemoaning the "butchers" stand at Whitechapel, clutching at the strewed dead as in the labyrinths, surviving as the dead have outside hospitals, gnawing the rotting flesh in the galleries, until the market place was a nauseating scene of dead bodies and bloody animal carcasses lying side by side. The butchers, such of them as survived, departed to the fields outside London to strengthen their bones, making the meat into the city on pickhorses.

In other streets the people came from their houses to dance in the streets, maddened to recklessness by their terror.

In wild bands of mass hysteria, men, women and children behaved like animals—scavenging every known corner in the last desperation bid for survival.

The name of brewing mingled with the names of the stricken in this hell that was stricken London.

Uncontrolled lust, murder and rape were abroad. After the dead were violated, savagery and ferocious dogs preyed upon the dying; children were devoured by their parents, and infants sucked the pussoiled breasts of dead mothers. Whole streets of boarded-up, quarantined families broke out and stalked through the city, spreading the pestilence far-

ther. Ghastly shapes unassisted, except by canaries, knotted among the gasps stricken bark, valerians and ergot and crocus, attracted from other countries, fought and squabbled over the heretofore each other brought to the river banks.

And through this city where death and eighty thousand a month were dying, near the diabolical sound of bells, followed by another, more sinister, cry, "Bring out your dead," hearkening the dead-out, measured by the rathos-hounds, who were the only open despatchers enough to take on the job.

Callous, callousness-faced creatures in frayed coats, armed with long wooden forks with which they found the bodies, dressed only in the perishable blouses of the disease, they threaded through the stinking houses.

They were dug all over the city, and the bodies thrown in pell-mell, to be interred in a place avoided for a century after as a deeply-tarred "spot-field."

Only one in fifty of those who were taken away to the pesthouses or houses recovered. St. Paul's Cathedral was the genuine of the least. Its floor was covered with pallets, bedded with filthy straw, and as soon as one suffice died another was placed in the noisome bed. The few attendants, over again maid-servants and street-women, paid little attention to the cries and screams of the sick.

There was one dreadful picture of these incredible birds of prey wrappings themselves in window sheets and posturing up and down the chamber in imitation of the lords and ladies who once powdered down that splendid walk. The stained glass windows were shattered with a shattering roar, and every inch of the building was foul and polluted.

These grim messes went out into the homes of the stricken, too. Doubtless, there were the heroes among them, but mostly they were Baffey George, completely callous and often un-

deously negligent of their patients. Many legends concern about the plague victims. "They saw lights and scented roses" in one. Perhaps it was the effect of delirium. An apparently healthy person might be stricken down in the midst of a convalescence and die in a few minutes, others lingered in terrible agony.

The true plague was rapid and sealed by great swellings on the body usually in neck or groin, huge black growths that eventually became gangrenous. The pain was insidious, and the only physie doctors applied was hot poultices in an effort to break the swelling down like a boil. They used violent drawing plasters, caustic, and if these failed they cut and cauterized the sores. It is no wonder many went mad with the torture. Bodies were consumed almost unnoticed in the general catastrophe.

Despite the barrenness of pitch-polls and the snuffing of cressions, the plague continued in unblated fury all through 1665, at its worst during the hot weather. During the early part of the plague, fears were increased by the appearance of a large pale worm which seemed to be an omen of disaster.

Gradually the number of deaths grew fewer, in the country a small harvest was worked. Already famine was a receding fear. There was no one left to oppose it against it, because any form of authority had faded away at the height of the pestilence.

To the starving nation came little relief, and again and again over the next year the disease flared up. It was not until September, 1666, that the Great Fire cleared out the filthy levels where the rats bred. After that, the plague was beaten, and when scientists, engineers, learned that rats bitten by a flea from a plague-ridden rat was doomed, bubonic fever became almost unknown.

But it took a whole city alive to clean it out of London.

# Women Gave

CEDRIC MENDPLAY

## THE WOLF CALLS



—and they were the sort who command more attention than respect.

HAVE you ever heard a wolf-call? Have you ever stood on a street corner while some particularly gaudy piece of femininity undulated by and felt your lips parting involuntarily in today's most popular expression of eroticistic appreciation? No, not you, of course, Mr. Magilicity—or are you kidding yourself?

Something the wolf has become symbolic of the virile male on the prowl. At the application "Wolf" uttered early by a long-lashed dogged, the men about town like him but at a more rakish angle and burns his moustache in a significant snarl, the strong subhumans straighten his sagging shoulders and disregard the doctor's warning about his blood pressure, and the saucy romancer drags out his brilliant impersonation of Casper Wilde.

And the wolf-call, or whatever? The girls have come to expect them, and to react acceptably. It's a girl's right to be attracted if she likes, but

her acceptance would be nothing to her bemusement and sense of failure if the expected tribute were not forthcoming.

Well, here it is straight from the shoulder, you asker of wisdom: You've been shaking the ladies' tambours. You're in the same class as that fabled and titled breed of ladies who were fondling underwear. The sexual wolf was a *woman*!

Now it's not easy to trace this human back to its very beginning, as wolves of the hairy, four-footed type have been around for about the same length of time as man. It has been established that there is no valid instance of a wolf attempting to seduce a man, but the reverse may have been true long before our ancestors could spend the time to invent a language of their very own.

What we do know for certain, however, is that there were she-wolfs in Babylon. In the long twilight of those golden days the town gallants

stroking the streets used to keep a wary eye out for certain valued ladies who invariably appeared at that time.

And did the Babylonians smoochify their appraisement in the modern manner? He did not! When she sighted something worth that episode to her fancy it was the lady who gave the "All clear" signal. The female siren note was the signal for the selected gallant to close in, snortily and make his arrangements on a cash basis. Yet, indeed, the Babylonian Woman of Babylon was a wolf.

We next have of it in Rome. We find a couple of free colonists of that established metropolis strolling in the gardens on the Palatine, about the city square. They have had a busy day—a session in the steam baths in the morning, followed by a nap or two of Fulcrum with the girls of the sexual set on the terrace, and an afternoon devoted to the sun and views session in the Forum.

"Well, well, Cesar," says one. "Here it is dark again, and nothing seems to look forward to but one of those bouquets, with that bare Livia in the center. Of course, the seraphs will write it up—rightangulairly, too, too, gilded postures, and little Pompeii dressed as a naked and served by Sphynx slaves as a dinner—but you know how boring these things can be."

"Very true, my friend," replies the other. "One has to be there, if only because there's nowhere else to go. Try that fishing adventure for the Colosseum fiddler. It was all right while they had those Christians steeped in oil—but how soon they run out of Christians?" He sighs. "How I would welcome something single, unaccompanied."

Suddenly his wish is answered. They are passing a verdant grove of low, sagittated hedges when a plumpish red nose has ears. Cesar pauses, raising one eyebrow significantly. The call is repeated. "Woo-

woo!" it wavers enticingly. "Woo-woo!"

There were she-wolfs in Rome. With their passes for naming things, the ancient Romans called them "Lopas," which means just that.

The girls of the professional class were loathed the city. Just why the was so is not clear, for Rome was not noted for its predators, and the bair did not submit to their well-to-do masters, the "Metropolitans." Being novices at their chosen calling, and having no mate except those provided by a beautiful Nature, they took to frequenting the gardens at nightfall.

Here they concealed themselves safely from view, and conducted their advertising campaign by means of the wolf-calls which gave them their name. A Roman gallant could accept the challenge, or he could walk on with a saucy flick of his togs. It was all strictly impersonal and without preface.

If he accepted, he was guided away to the comfort of an establishment called—yes, the Romans had this one figured out, too—a Lapasarium. For samples of these interesting bairfous exist in Pompeii and Ostia today. In their ruined state they are notable chiefly for the fact that each room has a bed, that each bed is of stone, and that no two beds are the same shape. The exact purpose of each bed is unknown, even demonstrated, in hideous and detailed engravings on the walls.

The profession of she-wolf was not a dead-end one. There were several gals and many of them travelled far. At least one became Empress of Rome. I say "at least" because there were other empresses who were ugly enough to conceal their attractiveness, though their subsequent histories indicated an experience that was not gained as the blithered daughter of nobility.

A "Lapa" who found favour quickly became a "Hedra," with a villa of her own, an established place in

the community, and a host of devoted admirers. The "Hibarus" occupied a position similar to that of a top-flight Geisha in old Japan. She was talented, played several musical instruments, sang, and danced. All these and more were at the disposal of the man on whom she chose to bestow her favors, for the "Hibarus" was a free unto herself.

All very interesting, you say, but all this happened two thousand years ago. What is the connection?

Well, the fact is that there is apparently nothing quite so seductress-like as a well-nail. The Romans spread their civilization through the known world and across the Mediterranean to the fringes of Africa. A whole host of towns and settlements grew along the northern shoreline of the dark continent.

Then decay set in. One by one the settlements were abandoned. The last of them fell apart when the mighty Roman Empire went down before the Vandals. But through these border towns many Roman customs were passed on to the grave desert peoples. Some of them persist even to this day.

One evening not so long ago I found myself in the oasis town of Biskra, in Algeria. A friend of mine, a French official, suggested a stroll down the street of the Ouled Nail. Now my experience of the native quarters of towns from Cairo, Alexandria, and Tunis to Aleppo and Damascus, had led me to believe that there was nothing new under the Middle Eastern moon—but I soon admitted my mistake.

The street was one of tall white buildings with narrow doors and latticed windows, exhaling a strange, musk-laden perfume that was at least pleasant than the usual smell of camel-dung, sweat, and roasting coals. The moonlight was beaten back by the ruddy glow of charcoal in a hundred brazier. Behind each brazier was a tiny pair of ancient mandolins

set, and poised in the glow was a delicate face of almost unearthly beauty.

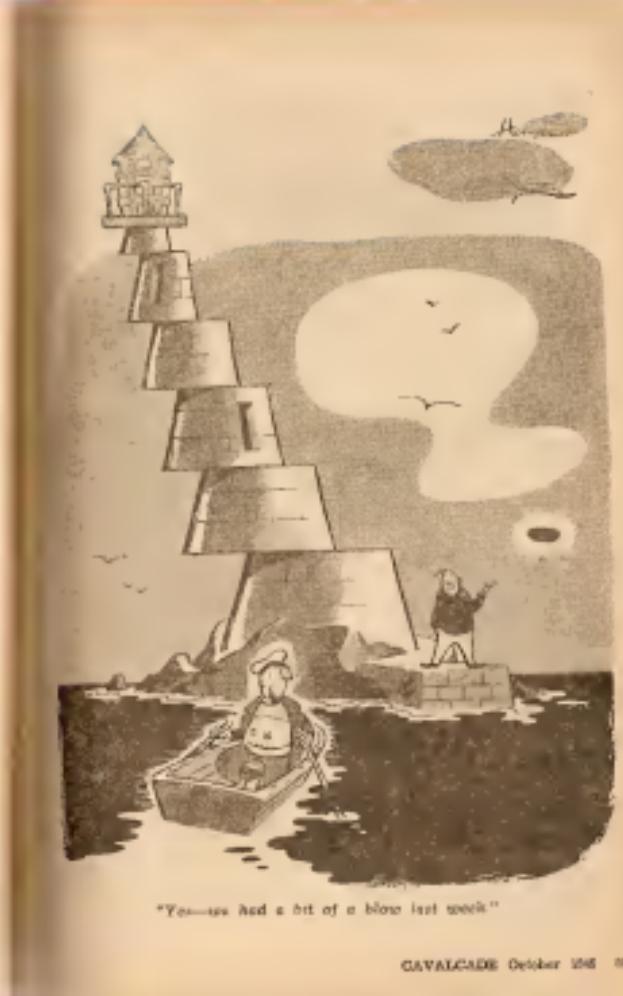
From time to time these girls touched their hands to their mouths, and uttered a long, wailing cry. It was the Ouled Nail, at their chosen calling; but also it was the cry of the Lamas and of the women of Babylon.

The Ouled Nail have a strange and fatal heritage. These people were cast out by their tribes for some sin for which this was the only punishment. The girls are trained since childhood in exercises which are designed to fit their bodies for a dual purpose—to dance and to attract men.

Their dances are the essence of the Ouled, the pure original form which stirs their truculent natures we see in the night spots of Cairo, Paris and Marseilles. This is the poetry of motion. Often in the light of the brazier when the drama beat their peculiar cadence a fat, middle-aged woman will appear amid a group of limous girls. For the long minutes of the dance she will change until the human is more beautiful than that, for they are only the learners and she the adept.

In Biskra, as in other towns, they are persons of position and of some wealth even approaching the class and cast of the ancient Hibarus. They might marry a merchant, a dandy Bedouin, or even a sheikh. In their human galler groups of artists and musicians comparable with the nobles of the great French Indes. The well-call that is their badge of office is not their only link with the jewelled and gaudious past.

Oh, yes—where were we, Mr. Magilbaddly? I said. Where were we, Mr. Magilbaddly—if you would just take your eye off that typewriter. You old well, you! Shall we go and stand on that quiet corner, eh? Or shall we just sit and think a little?"



"Yesss—had a bit of a blow last week!"

# ARE YOUR ANTIQUES faked?



Oil-treating this new furniture makes it much more valuable!

MARIE J. FANNING

**A** STONY antique expert was sitting in his office. The door opened suddenly and a young man walked in. He looked excited, under his arm he carried a bulky brown paper parcel.

The expert went across to him.  
"Good morning. Did you want to see me?"

The young man held the parcel carefully as he spoke.

"Say, you repair antiques?" he asked. His voice had a strong American accent.

The expert nodded.

"I'd repair them," he answered.

"That's good," the young man said, unfastening the parcel. "Are I lucky? I've just snatched up a piece of Colchester Dado that's going to make me a nice little bit of dough back home."

He produced a large vase from the wrapping and handed it to the expert.

"See, there's a good-sized chip out of the top. But the Dado I bought it from says it can be fixed so no one would know it was there."

The expert examined the vase as he turned it about in his hands.

"How much did you pay for it?" he asked.

"That's the joke of it," the young man said glibly. "I got it for \$350, and I knew a man in the States who'll give me six hundred dollars for it. That vase is going to be a good profit."

"I sure am," the expert said dryly.  
"You can fix it?"

"Yes. If you'll leave it with me, I'll have it ready in a day or two."

The young man was whistling happily as he closed the door behind him.

The expert called to his assistant in the next room.

"Here, Jim. Have a look at this. What would you say it was?"

A stout, middle-aged man with sun-tanned spectacles came through the door and took the vase. He inspected it closely.

"What?" he said disgustedly. "A heavy and bad imitation of a Colchester Dado."

"Yes, the silly young fool. He paid good for it, too. He's not worth a cent. If he had any sense, he'd have got someone who knows antiques to look at it before he paid over his money. But unless he tells me straight out, I can't tell him his investment has nearly a fake."

The antique market in Australia is not big enough to provide scope for any scale racketeers. But faking of antiques is done, and fatalities are an ignorance of the public.

The demand for antiques is at present enormous, however, that faking is a much more profitable business here. In America and Europe there are factories which turn out copies of antique furniture, and the copies often lag远远ly behind.

"Old pieces" of Sherraton and Hepplewhite appear to be copied by oil, varnished with worm-holes, and have the weather-beaten patina of time. The upholstery is torn, and the wood is dented and scraped.

Unscrupulous buyers, who feel they would like to possess something old and valuable, or amateur collectors who know little of their subject, are easily deceived.

Fakers give the colouring of age to the wood by the use of walnut juice, anemone juice of potash, or by burning the surface with sulphur.

At one time, amateur worm-holes were made with buckshot, but nowadays fakers use a specially designed instrument which makes an almost

perfect worm-hole. The only difference is that the fake hole does not penetrate the wood as deeply as the worm.

When such furniture is built, it is subjected to a course of oil-treatment which includes polishing with honey stains, rubbing with sandpaper or paste, and heating with blast instruments.

The poultice polished induces which characterizes antique furniture as usually given by friction with wax after a night setting of beeswax, in which a little wax has been dissolved.

A widely known antique store in New York became involved in the racketeering business. This was discovered when a customer descended, uninvited, to the basement of the store, and there found an employee hawking bric-a-brac at a pile of brand-new antiques to "tag" them for sale as antiques.

The building is quantity of antique furniture has not been attempted in Australia. There are still dangers which await the willing purchaser.

Antique chairs and tables have been knocked down into five or six pieces, copied at the antiques market, and a piece of the old wood inserted in each fake piece. Buyers, recognizing the genuine section, pay a high price for the article, to find later it is only one-third or one-quarter genuine.

In still two bedsteads were made from the head and footboard of one antique bed, and sold without any trouble as "Old Colonial."

Faked furniture can often be detected by its weight. Chairs containing wood two hundred years old are extremely heavy. Even an amateur can be sure a chair is an imitation if it will tilt with little effort.

But weight alone is no reliable indication. Careless fakers weight chairs and tables with evenly distributed lead inserted into pockets scooped in the wood and later sealed.

There is little genuine antique furniture for sale in Australia. A good

deal of genuine stuff is held by collectors and descendants of early settlers; but should these people express a desire to put a price on any article, other collectors and experts are ready to take it off their hands before it can reach the open market. Would-be sellers usually find it more profitable to send their antiques overseas, where a much higher value is not an item.

The word "antique" can be strictly applied only to products of the early and middle eighteenth century. Unfortunately, people have taken color from persuasive salesman, thinking they were buying an antique. Color was not made into furniture until the latter half of the nineteenth century.

German antique woods are oak, mahogany, rose wood, satin wood, and from Queen Anne's time, walnut.

The most common antique furniture seen in Australia is mahogany of the Georgian period, made near the end of the eighteenth century. The wood is of good quality and is weighty, but the furniture is plain with few distinguishing characteristics.

Faked antique furniture from abroad has little chance of escaping the close scrutiny of Customs officers.

If the furniture is brought to the country, the Customs authorities call in experts to certify that the furniture is genuine. If it is, no duty is payable, but should it not stand the test, full duty must be paid before it is released. The furniture is then stamped clearly and legibly as a copy.

The majority of faked pieces are sold through auction rooms, where no guarantee must be given. Many buyers do not know they can demand a written and signed guarantee from any dealer who purports to sell antiques. Should the article later be proved an imitation, the purchaser has a claim at law.

A case of wide interest was heard in the English courts a few years ago

A man bought a set of Chippendale chairs, consisting of twenty pieces, from a reliable dealer. The dealer certified that the chairs were genuine.

Ten years later a dispute arose when the original purchaser wished to sell the chairs to another collector. The second man called in an expert for his opinion. The expert was the dealer from whom the chairs had been bought ten years before. His second certification was that the chairs were copies.

The court ruling was against the dealer, whom the chairs were found to be fakes, and he was obliged to refund the purchase money in full.

Poor imitations of old chairs are still passed through Australia, and are causing reputable dealers a lot of worry. Most of the copies have been imported as such from overseas, but have fallen into the hands of people who are either unscrupulous or ignorant, and are being sold as originals.

Small shapemakers play a large part in this widespread racket. Believing there is money to be earned quickly and easily in the buying and selling of "old chairs," they read a book or two, and become familiar with a few names. Then they commence trading as an "antique dealer."

It is not difficult for anyone with a knowledge of chairs to distinguish between the genuine and the fake. When porcelain was first attempted in England, a lot of experimenting was done with paste.

The first paste was a soft or artificial paste. In later years the paste developed was hard. Processes varied with the years as machines came into use, and many components were discontinued for cheaper processes and mass production.

Every piece of old china has a distinguishing mark. These marks are continually being forged, but rarely do they fool the expert.

China described as "Old China,"

and marked with a red or a gold color, has been coming onto dealers' hands recently. Most of it was made at the beginning of the present century.

To give a piece of china a convincing appearance of age, the faker exposes it to apparent ill-usage by potting or macking, then cleans it and repeats the operation until the dirt penetrates into the cracks.

Another method is to bury the item in a manure heap and let it remain until it has lost its freshness. Chemicals are also applied to eat the item and alter its composition.

Crockery or a regular network of cracking can be produced on pottery or on oil paintings by similar processes. They are the result of a difference in the shrinkage capacity of two superimposed layers. In the case of pottery, the two layers are represented by the baked clay and the glaze. In oil paint, the layers are pigment and varnish.

Overseas factories have added greatly to the confusion, as far as china is concerned, by introducing early production. Before the war, the huge Münzen factory in Germany was raying some of their old types of Dresden, many examples of which

have now reached Australia, and are being sold as "Early" Dresden. Japanese copies of early Chinese pottery are also on the market, usually bearing faked markings and dates.

There have been accidents when faked pottery has been held to detect and has been accepted by the expert. It is now claimed that Australian collectors are displaying pieces of chinaware that are not genuine, or that are inaccurately labelled.

Antique chinaware has been repaired as not as valuable as in its original state. The most ridiculous of this chinaware is an industry in itself among antique rockbottom owners. Dealers have handled many pieces in Australia.

One large vase was bought by a collector in America in 1931. It brought with it to Australia and was sold to a dealer for appraisal.

"What value would you place on it?" the client asked.

The dealer looked at it carefully.

"Ten pounds as an ornament," he said.

The owner was shocked.

"I paid three hundred for it," he said. "I am sure it is genuine."

"A portion of it is, but the rest has been faked."



Tracing his finger around the vase, he pointed out a number of fine lines etched in the pottery.

"That is where the fragments have been carefully cemented together," he said. "Large pieces have been made out of plaster mixed with glue, then polished with sandpaper and covered with a weak solution of glue. That prepared it for the oil paint, which was used for copying the pattern of the vase. Then the glaze was applied by a coat of varnish."

The vase had been so skillfully patched that only an expert eye could have detected the faked places.

"I know by the feel of the vase that it had been restored," the dealer said. "The unaltered pieces are always warmer to the touch than the glued pottery."

The smell of oil paint will also reveal a restoration false. Even if the old varnishing has lost all smell, the heat of the hand is usually sufficient to reveal it.

Antique copper and brasses are seldom seen leaving a price tag in Australia, but excellent fakes were brought into the country before the war.

The old patina found on these metals can be quite easily imitated. The action of zinc, an unearthen or some penetrating substance, will generate hydrochloric acid. The objects can also be treated with water containing ammonia, carbolic acid, or exposed to the direct action of vapors or fumigated.

A woman in Münster, U.S.A., was sued in 1938 by trade customers. She was operating as a dealer in early American candlesticks. Her brasses were being bought by collectors and wealthy families, and her profits had totalled more than 15,000 dollars before her fake was exposed. She had her own workshop, where she took new candlesticks, remodeled them to produce backs and ends, then treated them with oil to produce a greenish ancient cast.

Ironwork is very easily "aged," but strangely, dealers before World War II had not appeared at any time in Australia. Patina on iron is created either by rust or by a slow process of oxidation, which confers a rich dark tone.

Brass is pottery, the greatest sole for easily fakes as in numismatics and portraiture.

Early in 1939 a factory was set up in Germany, which turned out copies of world-famous signatures by a photographic process. The intention of the concentration was probably not to defraud, but to enable people who could not afford originals to obtain copies for a few shillings.

The "reproductions" were excellently reproduced, and a large number of them were purchased by antique dealers. Some were later imported in Australia at a hundred cost of about one pound, have now changed hands many times and are being sold for anything from twenty to forty pounds each.

Another enterprising concern in Germany before the war, lithographed a number of Neville Cayley's bird paintings. They were sent to this country and are being sold freely today as originals.

Works of other artists which have been reproduced overseas and put on the market in Australia include those of Heywood Willis, Gruner and Conrad Martens.

Whenever a well-known artist dies there is an increase in reproductions of his paintings. It is skillfully done, and the artist's signature forged on it. The copy often passes the scrutiny of many people before being detected. The advice of reputable dealers is that the antiques-dealing public should get expert advice before investing in any article of value whether it be furniture, china, brass ware, or a painting. The sale may be made in good faith by someone who is quite innocent that a fake is in his possession.



"It's perfectly big enough if you'd be reasonable and stay in your fifth."

# When brighter days return...



Most of the house plan suggestions that have appeared in these pages during recent months have been designed to come within the maximum area permitted by the current restrictions on building. These restrictions have such a limiting effect that for a house of more than two bedrooms only the smallest rooms can be attempted. For those people who can afford the obvious expense it is well until brighter days return.

This month CAVALCADE offers a suggestion for a larger house.

The house is approached up a short flight of steps beside the garage, leading to the front porch, which is sheltered under a concrete cantilevered hood. A feature of this angle of the building is the tall panels of glass blocks that light the store hall, and give an appearance of verticality to the rounded corner.

There is a large area of glass along the street front of the house. An open deck on the upper floor is very useful for hot evenings, and its circular construction fits in admirably to the appearance of the house.

The entrance door opens into a side-

entrance hall from which the main stair ascends in a graceful curve, whilst a service stair leads down to the garage. Double doors lead into the living room, which is later opened into a study or den. These two rooms make a very useful suite for entertainments.

The dining room also opens from the entrance hall. It adjoins the kitchen, from which there is direct service by means of a hatch. Opening off the kitchen is a scullery room, with its own toilet and shower room.

On the upper floor there are two bedrooms, all capable of accommodating two beds. Three of these rooms have built-in wardrobes, whilst one has a roomy, walk-in clothes closet.

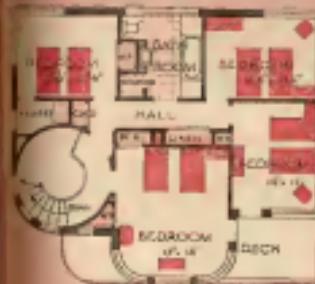
The bathroom is in a position that is handy to all four bedrooms. It includes a separate shower room, a basin bath with a screen-walled recess, and low-level cupboard at each end of the bath.

The maximum frontage on which this house could be accommodated is 20 feet. At the rate of \$250 per square foot the building cost would be \$5,000.

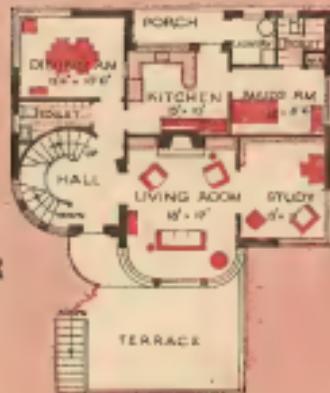
On page 78 are photographs of a model of this house with the plan covered.

# days return...

BY ROME OF TO-DAY (No. 45)  
PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.



FIRST FLOOR



CAVALCADE, October, 1938 11



## Living rooms now have a *New Look*

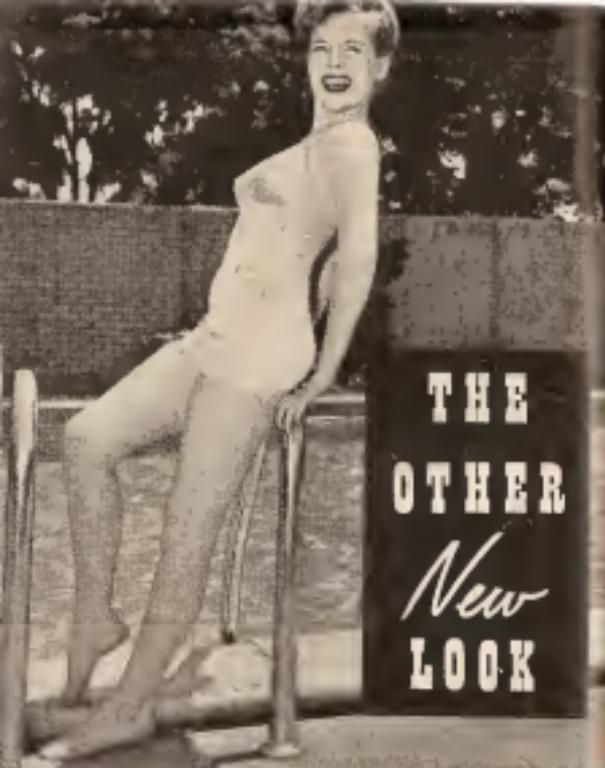


Although Masonite  
presently has no  
agent in Australia, it is  
regretted that you may still have  
some difficulty in purchasing all the  
Masonite you require.

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Here's the "New Look"  
applied to the Living  
Room . . . the modern  
line of built-in comfort  
and convenience. No  
building material inter-  
prets the "New Look"  
so effectively as modern  
Masonite.



THE  
OTHER  
*New*  
LOOK

DRESS SENSE, not Varietessense, made women drop the hem of the skirt for city wear. Never again will they lose the advantages of health and beauty gained in the sun, nor the freedom of the sports and play clothes that become them so well. Bulky, milled berberines and long black stockings will never remember our beaches again. Typical of the mid-twentieth century beach girl is this beauty reclining in her classic one-piece. Her suit is decorated with tiny blue angels tumbling from cloud to cloud. One-piece suits are most convenient (and safest) for girls who play the surf.



TWO-PIECE—one can without the fishing net. Good-looking on the beach, these suits are less convenient in heavy seas. Lifeguards don't promise to rescue his tops that come adrift. Back to a one-piece for surfing, the decorative two pieces for maximum sun and air, and the two you love so much.



**NEXT GENERATION**—or is it this one? This happy pair in brief play clothes are healthier and cleaner-minded. The sun reaches their bodies truly. They've no mock modesty about wearing appropriate playclothes. Mom looks the way, and very sleekly, too.



**MORNING.** Check gingham makes the attractive dress that babies blossom with on sunshiny days. Designed for maximum comfort and ease of movement, it can be boiled, without being spoiled. Hot climate demands that sort of thing.



NOON. Away from the beach a light two-piece might look conspicuous or out of place. Clothes designed to give the same benefits expand more easily, allow more relaxation.

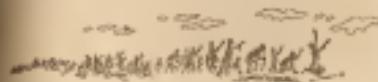


NIGHT. Doctors say the most refreshing sleep comes when the body is not contracted, and movement is easy. This modern knee-length satin nightie with its placket neckline allows every comfort and more restful sleep.



NOT A SWIMSUIT, as you thought at first, has a woman with bra-top on a bikini and bloomers style trunks. It's called the "Bikinette", is made of jersey.

## MEDICINE ON THE MARCH



It has been discovered that agaricus is a weapon against some cancers. This luxury vegetable contains a substance called quassin which stops the growth, and therefore the poison production, of the botulism organisms.

Progress with four chemical compounds is being made against the disease, malaria, which causes chills and fevers. The chemicals are new antimalary compounds, arsenic compounds, cymene dyer, and pentamethane.

Lead poisoning, once rated a hopeless disease afflicting painters, has been cured by use of a chemical developed during the war to combat war gas. Known as BAL, the chemical literally pulls the lead out of the bones and tissues of the victim's body.

A new treatment being used for tuberculosis consists of doses of vitamin E, the anti-blinding vitamin. Although it is considered better to give the vitamin by injection, this method is painful, and it usually has to be taken by mouth.

People who have had athlete's foot, ringworm of the scalp or some other fungal infection may be allergic to penicillin and streptomycin. If they get pneumonia or other serious disease, the explosion is that the fungal infections set up an allergic state so that a patient infected with any one of the common fungi may

develop an allergic skin eruption to reaction with any other fungi capable of producing the same irritating or allergy-inducing chemicals.

Small daily doses of thyroid can help women who lose their babies prematurely, if sustained through pregnancy. This has been reported by Dr. Eleanor Deth of the Johns Hopkins School of Medicine in Baltimore. The thyroid must be taken under medical supervision.

A new vaccine that may stop undulant fever, a disease of both man and cattle, has been developed by Dr. L. Forest Shadwick, bacteriologist of Michigan State College. Undulant fever, it passed on to humans from infected animals and in unpasteurized milk from infected cows. It is a long, tedious, weakening disease which is commonly fatal.

Ping pong balls made of acrylic plastic are helping tuberculosis patients back to health in the U.S.A. They are placed in the chest, holding the dissolved lung collagen and at the same time preventing a cavities deformity of the chest cavity. In 18 months' expense of the new technique no complications have been noticed.

High energy X-rays of 20 million volts are to be produced by a machine for the treatment of patients with a deep-seated cancer. A new technique to provide the rays, first of its kind, has been installed in University of Illinois College of Medicine, Chicago.

# THE MIRACLE OF THE BELLS



BRIEF OF THE PICTURE, SMOKING FREE AND COLORFUL, STARRING FRANK SINATRA, PRODUCED BY JESSIE L. LASKY AND LUCILLE ALMQUIST AND RELEASED BY R. K. O. RADIO PICTURES - ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL BREWER

BILL DUNNIGAN, HOLLYWOOD PRESS AGENT, ARRIVES AT COALTOWN WITH THE BODY OF OLGA TRESKOVNA, BEAUTIFUL HOLLYWOOD STAR.

YOU'RE HOME, KID --



HE IS CARRYING OUT HER LAST WISH TO BE BURIED IN HER HOMETOWN. BILL STRIKES TROUBLE WITH THE UNDERTAKER.

SHE'S STAN TROCKI'S KID? HMM -- DEADBEATS!



NICK REFUSES HER BURIAL UNTIL BILL FIXES THE UNPAID ACCOUNTS FOR HER FATHER'S FUNERAL. BILL REMEMBERS OLGA'S PAST --

I AIN'T DOING IT TILL HER PA'S BILL'S FIXED!

ATTRACTED TO HER, HE SAVES HER JOB, BUT HE DOESN'T DATE HER --

GIVE HER A BREAK --



AT A CHURCH CHRIST-LIKE, OLGA TELLS HIM OF HER DEAD FATHER'S LOVE OF MUSIC -- SHE WANTS TO GO TO HOLLYWOOD.



HE REMEMBERS WHEN HE FIRST SAW OLGA. IT WAS AT A REHEARSAL, WHEN, AS AN INEXPERIENCED CHORUS GIRL, SHE WAS ABOUT TO BE FIRED --

GET YOUR HAT AND GO!



A YEAR LATER BILL SEES HER AGAIN ON XMAS EVE. HE TAKES HER TO SUPPER.



BEFORE THEY LEAVE, BILL REALIZES HE IS IN LOVE WITH OLGA. SHE GIVES HIM A ST. MICHAEL'S MEDAL.



MONTHS LATER BILL IS WORKING FOR MARCUS HARRIS, FILM MAN, WHO IS MAKING JOAN OF ARC. HARRIS FIRES HIS TEMPERAMENTAL STAR ANNA.

"OKAY... YOU'RE FIRED!"



BILL DISCOVERS OLGA WAS ANNA'S STAND IN. HE HAS DINNER AT HER APARTMENT --- SUDDENLY HE THINKS OF HER AS JOAN!

"YOU KNOW WHO ANNA'S ROLL, BABY?"



OLGA PLAYS A SCENE FOR HIM ---



BILL REALISES OLGA'S TALENT, TALKS TO HARRIS WHO AGREES TO SEE HER



NEXT DAY HARRIS IS COLLECTED TO HAVE OLGA TRIED, BUT HER ARRIVAL FORCES HIM TO DO SO ---



OLGA IS A SUCCESS, GETS THE ROLE, HOUNDED BY REPORTERS, SHE IS ALWAYS TIRED --



YES, I WAS A CHORUS GIRL

We ALL agree on  
**Tek!**



"Tek know me  
me for! Clean  
all my teeth  
easily!"

"I like Tek  
brush! It's easy  
to use, too!"



I PREFER TEK  
PROFESSIONAL!

There is a Tek toothbrush for  
each member of the family.  
Correct shape... fast nylon  
bristles... longer lasting.  
Choose Tek Professional, Tek  
Junior or Tek Baby!

**Tek**

THE EASY TOOTHBRUSH MONEY CAN BUY

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

ONE DAY, IN HER DRESSING ROOM, BILL DISCOVERS SHE IS ILL -----



BILL GOES TO THE DOCTOR WHO IS TREATING HER, FINDS SHE HAS ADVANCED TUBERCULOSIS. SHE HAS NAMED HIM AS HER NEXT OF KIN -----



OLGA FINISHES THE PICTURE. HER ACTING OF JOAN'S DEATH SCENE IS INSPIRED -----



NEXT DAY SHE DIES... BEFORE SHE DIES SHE ASKS TO BE BURIED AT ST. MICHAEL'S IN COALTON



HANNAH TELLS BILL HE CAN'T RELEASE JOAN WITH A DEAD STAR -----

SHE DIED TO MAKE IT !



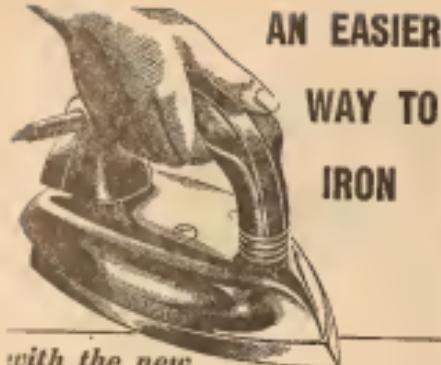
BILL LEAVES HIS JOB, TAKES OLGA'S BODY HOME. HE FINDS COALTON CALLOUS. MONEY IS WHAT PEOPLE WANT. NO ONE WILL CARRY OLGA'S COFFIN OUT OF FRIENDSHIP -----



THE BRAND  
WEAR A FRIEND

*Sovereign Hats...*  
fit for a King

ANOTHER DEPENDABLE TOP DOG PRODUCT



with the new

# S.T.C. WRISTEST IRON

1. More natural, fewer pressure, less fatigue with specially designed handle which supports hand, leaves wrist straight and easy.
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Price in all Capital Cities:  
£2-12-6 (240 volt), £3-6-0 (32 volt)

See the "Wristest" Iron with the important new features at your Authorised S.T.C. Retailer

Standard Telephones and Cables Pty. Ltd.

## AN EASIER WAY TO IRON

BUCK, THE UNDEBTEDAKER, ASKS FOR PAYMENT IN ADVANCE. BILL PROMISES IT BUT IS BROKEN

NOTE - PAYMENT BEFORE THE HEARSE PULLS OUT!



THEIR, HE FINDS PATHER PAUL WHO IS WILLING TO CONDUCT THE FUNERAL WITHOUT PAYMENT.....

I WANT NO FEES ! ! ! !



BILL GOES TO THE CEMETERY TO SEE WHERE OLGA WILL BE BURIED. HE REMEMBERS THAT SHE ASKED FOR THE BIRDS - - -



HE REFUSES TO HAVE THE SERVICE AT COALTON'S FASHIONABLE CHURCH, AND GOES TO ST MICHAEL'S



THE PRIEST ADMITS TO BILL THE CHURCH IS IN DEBT, THE ROOF LEAKS - - - MORE SERIOUS ATTENDANCE IS POOR

ST MICHAEL'S NEEDS A PRESS AGENT !



BILL GETS AN IDEA. HE HAD THE BELLS IN THE TOWN'S FIVE CHURCHES RUNG FOR THREE DAYS.

THEY'LL HAVE TO HIRE MEN



HE THINKS THE ENDLESS  
PUBLICITY MAY FORCE  
HARRIS INTO RELEASING  
THE PICTURE. HE WIKES  
HIM FOR MONEY FOR  
FUNERAL EXPENSES



ONE OF THEM RECOGNISES  
BILL AS HARRIS' PRESS  
AGENT. HE THREATENS  
TO EXPOSE THE BILL  
RINGING AS A STUNT!

YEAH, DUNNIGAN? IT'S A  
STUNT TO PUT OVER A  
FLOP MOVIE?



COALTOWN IS IN THE  
SPOTLIGHT BUT HARRIS  
TELEGRAPHHS HE WON'T  
RELEASE PICTURE...



THE BELLS BEGIN TO  
RING. REPORTERS RUSH  
TO THE TOWN - - - - -



BILL TELLS THEM THE  
STORY THEY HELP HIM  
AND SEND BIG REPORTS



THE BELLS RING ON  
VISITORS WHO SLOCK  
TO THE TOWN GO TO SEE  
OLGA'S COFFIN AT ST.  
MICHAEL'S, REMAIN  
TO PRAY



THE WORLD AGREES ON  
"GILBEY'S  
PLEASE"



DON'T SAY GIN

SAY

# GILBEY'S

THE INTERNATIONAL FAVOURITE

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ENGLISH RECORDINGS  
of the world's greatest classics  
*now available for the  
Australian music-lover*

Here is the news that every music-lover has been waiting for. English recordings of the great music classics interpreted by celebrated artists are now arriving in Australia. Your favorite concertos and famous masterworks played by the world's greatest orchestras and instrumentalists and singers will now be available in recordings which will delight you with their clarity and music of tone.

AND THESE ARE THE DEALERS  
DEALING WITH THE RECORDS

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COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE LTD. LTD. LTD.  
THE PARLOPHONE COMPANY LTD. LTD. IN ENGLAND  
PENNSYLVANIA N.Y.W.



A REPORTER TELLS BILL  
THAT WATSON, COALTOWN'S  
WEALTHY MINE OWNER,  
WANTS TO STOP THE BELLS



HARRIS WANTS HE IS RE-  
MAKING "JOAN" WITH  
JENNIFER JONES AS  
STAKE. BILL KEEPS THE  
NEWS TO HIMSELF.....



DEVOUT PILGRIMS FLOCK  
TO ST. MICHAEL'S TO  
SEE THE MIRACLE...



BILL WINGS THE STATE  
GOVERNOR PERSUADES  
HIM TO PROCLAIM A  
DAY OF MOURNING IN  
PENNSYLVANIA FOR OLA



AT MASS, PEOPLE NOTICE  
THAT THE STATUES OF  
ST. MICHAEL AND THE  
VIRGIN ARE TURNING  
LOOK! LOOK! - THEY'RE  
MOVING!



FATHER PAUL TELLS  
BILL THERE IS NO  
MIRACLE, ONLY OLD  
MINE SHAFTS UNDER  
THE CHURCH SHIFTING  
WITH THE WEIGHT OF  
THE PILGRIMS...



BILL PERSUADES FATHER PAUL NOT TO TELL THIS PEOPLE, TO KEEP THIS MIRACULOUS ILLUSION



BUT HARRY HEARD A BROADCAST FROM COALTOWN BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS -----

WHEN OLGA TRIED TO BE Brought HOME A WONDERFUL THING HAPPENED



BILL TELLS FATHER PAUL HIS FAITH IS RE-NEWED HE REALLY BELIEVES IN THE MIRACLE



HARRIS, IN HOLLYWOOD, THINKS THE "MIRACLE" IS ANOTHER OF BILLY'S STUNTS -----

DUNNIGAN'S GONE TOO FAR!



CONVINCED THERE IS SOMETHING IN THE STORY, HARRIS CHARTERS A PLANE, FLIES TO COALTOWN -----



HARRY ARRIVES, IS CONVINCED OF THE MIRACLE, TELLS BILL AND FATHER PAUL OF PLANS WHICH MEAN THAT OLGA WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN IN COALTOWN



## Quink CLEANS YOUR PEN AS IT WRITES!



No stain  
of the



Flour  
readily  
absorb

...because it contains a secret solvent

Quink's protective ingredient guards your pen these 4 ways:

- ★ Ends gawking and clogging—gives even flow
- ★ Actually cleans your pen as it writes
- ★ Dissolves and flashes away sediment left by ordinary inks
- ★ Prevents metal corrosion and rubber rot

Science has shown 65% of all pen troubles are caused by ordinary high-and inks. That's why Quink containing a secret solvent lasts years to the life of your pen. You can get Quink in black, permanent-blue, royal blue, green, red and purple... in 2 oz. or 4 oz. bottles. On sale everywhere.

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P.S. Quink is the best ink for all pens...  
— the only ink for fountain pens!

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under the Sun*

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Editor



## KILL AND BE DAMNED

Ad Cain was a killer and had waited to get them for four long years.

DON JAMES

SOMEONE walked down the hall way. Both of us listened to the footstep. They passed, and I relaxed and lit another cigarette.

Helen sat up from a chair, walked across the room and turned on the radio. She found a symphony and kept it soft. Music seemed to do things for her. She needed it.

"Mrs. Tm frightened," she said. She relaxed a hand and pushed her hair back over an ear, nervously.

I tried to smile reassuringly. A husband is supposed to be strong and reassuring and protective. In three years of married life, I'd tried to give her all of those things as well as the rest that goes with marriage.

"I think you're worrying too much," I said. "He won't come here. He's too smart. And the cope will have him say comment."

The telephone rang and I answered. It was Miss Berlin on the city desk of the paper.

"Ad Cram's in town all right," he said. "Glosson just called from headquarters. Someone tapped the wires. They're on it."

"Thanks, Mike. Anything else?"

"Some follow-up on the poison break. The grand that Cram stabbed died. The board earned a gun. It's gone, so they know Cram's armed. 'Call me if you get news.'

"Yeah. And Mac—you can relax. Glosson says they've assigned a man to you and Helen. They're not taking any chances."

"That suits me," I admitted. "I'll write the column here tomorrow and send it in by messenger. Okay?"

"Right. You and Helen stay in the apartment. Cram's mad but he'll both of you if he ever got out. He's tough enough to do it if he gets a chance."

"We're staying home until it's safe." I hung up and the telephone rang again before I could turn away.

"George McKay?" a firm voice asked.

"Yes."

"Lieutenant Bush, Police Headquarters. We're placing a man across the street from your apartment. There's only one entrance Cram could use to get into the building. If he shows up, we want to get him in the street, rather than take a chance on man-to-man outside."

"Thanks, Lieutenant."

"Our man's name is Bruce. He's wearing a grey suit and hat. If anything makes you suspicious, raise and lower your blind several times. He'll be in to see you."

"Good."

"Keep your door locked and don't open it unless you know who's outside."

"Will you let me know when you get home?"

"I'll call at once."

Helen was in the kitchen when I put the telephone down. I went in

and she was making coffee. I put my arms about her and held her.

"They know he's in town and we have protection outside," I said. "They'll get him. We can stop worrying."

She didn't answer for a moment, and then she whispered, "I'll never feel safe until he's dead, Mac."

It was only because the possibility for murder in this state is life imprisonment that Ad Cram was not dead.

It had all happened four years before, back on the days when Ad was running headlines with his brilliant defense tactics in the criminal courts. If there were a few named eyewitnesses about the associations he had with some of the top racketeers in the city, there never was much said openly. Ad Cram had come up the hard way, putting himself through law school, and most people were willing to give him a pat on the back for making a name for himself.

I had known Mac since my early days on the police beat for the paper, and we had become close friends. I knew more about the background of Ad's connections with the underworld than I would admit, even to him, but I also realized that he needed them in his business.

And, of course, there was Helen. She was staying at Harry Peck's night club, and she was wearing Ad's engagement ring.

Ad and I used to stop at the club and wait for her. Sometimes there would be a little party afterwards with some girl for me. That other girl for me never meant anything. I was in love with Helen, her coal-black hair, the blue eyes, the things that blended into the woman she was.

I loved her never to let it come to the surface, and if Ad suspected it, he never told me. Helen knew it, although I had never told her.

Ad shot and killed Col Glyde shortly before seven o'clock one summer

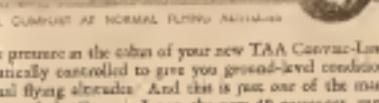
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eventually in his office again.

It was one of those days when the three of us were going to have dinner together. At four o'clock, Ad called me and said he'd be late. "Would I pick up Helen and would both of us meet him at his office?" He'd found a new place to eat out on a highway and we'd drive out in a highway car.

At ten minutes after seven, Helen and I walked down a highway in the office building to his sort of rooms. The outer door was unlocked, and we went in.

Obviously Ad was alone in the suite, as the receptionist was gone, and her desk tilted for the night. The doors to the offices occupied by the two young attorneys who worked with him were open and the desks abandoned.

Helen walked straight to Ad's office, asking some cracks about our being late, and opened the door. She stepped into the room and then she stopped and I saw her become tense.

I looked over her shoulder and swallowed hard.

Ad stood by his desk looking down at Clyde. Ad had a gun in his hand. I didn't know to much ferocity could be in an expression.

He must have known we were there because he looked up and regarded us with cold eyes. "This is a hell of a mess," he said, "We're going to take some careful planning."

I walked past Helen and looked down at Clyde. He was the big shot mobster in town. A hand, much too raw who knew and played all the angles.

"Why did you do it?" I asked.

Ad shrugged and put the gun on his desk. "He got something on me, and tried to use it. He wanted something I wouldn't do for him. He threatened to get me dismissed if I didn't. He could do it, too."

"You killed him?" Helen gasped.

"That's right," he said quickly. "Look at it this way, Helen. He had it coming. He's been instrumental

in the death of half-a-dozen men. I knew I worked for him. Killing him was doing the community a favor. It was doing what the law should have done, but couldn't."

She shook her head and looked away.

Ad's lips tightened and he looked at me.

"We'll have to work fast," he said. "There's a self-operating service station. The building is practically empty. We'll set him down in the basement garage where my car is. I'll get the accident in his office and out of the way. You pile Clyde's body into the back of my coupe. We'll get rid of him out in the country."

I stared at him.

He snapped, "What's the matter? You're my best friend, aren't you? You know he had it coming—"

Helen spoke again in a tense voice. "Ad, You can't—"

"Why not?" he demanded. "Neither of you can let me down." He looked at us confidently, his broad shoulders poised, his dark eyes alert and even. I saw the look of horror that came into Helen's eyes. I saw it reflected in Ad's eyes. The way they narrowed and the hard, angry flint in them. "You'll do as I say," he said.

His hand reached for the gun. He hit home with all of my 125 pounds. He didn't get up.

Helen and I looked at one another for a long moment without speaking. Then tears lowered to her eyes, and she turned away and went out into the reception room. I watched her through the open doorway as she sank down into a chair and buried her face in her hands. Her shoulders shook with sobs and then I saw her take the engagement ring from her finger. Her hand was brand and she stared at the diamond for seconds, then dropped it haphazardly to the floor. She looked up at me.

"I was wrong, Max. I made a mistake," she said quickly.

I took a deep breath and looked

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down at Ad. He was breathing heavily, looking as if he were asleep.

I picked up the telephone and called the police.

Helen and I were the prosecution's witnesses. The jury convicted Ad within half an hour. As they took him out of the courtroom he managed to stop and look at us with bitterness and hate. "I'll get you," he said. "When I do—I'll kill you. Both of you."

They took him away then, and Helen's hand was clenched tightly as I held it.

"It's all right," I told her. "He'll never get out."

She sat at colourless lips. "Mac—Mac, I'm frightened!"

Afterwards, when I took Helen home, she turned at her door and looked up at me. "Mac, I was so mistaken. I don't know—I'm not sure. I don't believe I ever loved him."

"Don't think about it."

Suddenly she was in my arms.

After we were married the following year, the shadow of Ad Cross gradually left us, and if either of us thought about the man in prison who caused murder in his heart, we never told the other. It was something in secret, something to be passed on in the happiness that we found in one another.

The news that Ad Cross had escaped was like the dropping of an atom bomb into our happiness. Now as I held her and listened to the fear in her voice, I felt the cold edges of apprehension bite through me.

If he had visited us on the day he had been convicted, what had that been become now that we were married?

I shuddered and held Helen closer. "Let's have our coffee," I said. "We're getting the blues. We'll have to snap out of it."

The coffee didn't help much.

Before we went to bed, I pulled the faded back and carefully looked into the street. A man stood in a doorway

across from the apartment house. There was a feeling of security in seeing the detective, Brian, there and knowing that someone would be on guard all night.

It was probably the only reason we could get to sleep.

The tapping was light and insistent. Abruptly I was wide awake and reached for the gun on the night stand.

Helen was sitting up when I snapped on a lamp, her eyes wide with alarm.

"Mac? What's happening?"

I shook my head and got out of bed. At the apartment door I stopped to look out and spoke through the panel. "Who is it?"

"Brian. I need your help and I have to use the phone."

The voice was very low, as if he didn't want to wake anyone else in nearby apartments.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"I think someone's on the roof. You coming in with you until we can get a squad car here. Let me in."

From the bedroom, Helen called softly, "What is it, Mac?"

"Brian. He thinks Ad is on the roof. We're going to get help."

I recovered the gun and snapped back the bolt lock on the door.

The man outside pushed in so quickly I was thrown off balance. A gun in his hand struck viciously and cracked against my wrist. I dropped my gun.

Ad Cross closed the door behind him and pointed his gun on me. "He's been a long time, Mac," he said.

My stomach muscles squirmed into tight knots to resist the menace of the gun. I felt dryness in my mouth. The pain in my arm was last in the shock of seeing Cross.

"No, Ad!" I said. "Wait!"

"Wait? I've waited too long. Where's Helen?"

"Ad, you can't—"

"Where is she?"



## Rome's GREATEST POSSESSION

In the history of Ancient Rome there are many interesting legends and fables, ranging from those which are well-known, such as the legend of Romulus and Remus, to those which are not so familiar. Amongst these, one of the most interesting is the story of Marcus Curtius.

After the sack of Rome by the Gauls in the early fourth century B.C., the Romans worked feverishly on the reconstruction of their city. Colonnades were set up, rebellious neighbours crushed and, in general, the city prospered. The civil and judicial administration was carried out in the Forum. Even the distinguished name of Forum Romanum, it was built on a flat, and marshy space between the Palatine and Capitoline Hills. In the very early days of Roman history, athletic competitions and market sales were carried out in the Forum.

But in the latter part of the fourth century the Forum acquired a new dignity when the code of laws known as the Twelve Tables was inscribed and posted there.

The Forum now became a symbol, a symbol of Roman law and order but, in 362 B.C., all that it represented was threatened by an unexpected blow—an earthquake rocked the city and a great chain appeared in the Forum itself. Fear and panic prevailed. The

With all her conquests Rome's greatest possession was still found within her city walls.

While population was demoralised by rumours that Rome's last days had come.

To add to the general despair, the oracle declared that the chosen would never die until Rome's greatest possession was thrown into it. The people were at a loss to interpret the prophecy until Marcus Curtius, a noble youth, stepped forward and, declaring that the state possessed no greater treasure than a brave citizen leaped, fully armed and on horseback, into the chain, which immediately closed.

This legendary hero of Ancient Rome set an example of civic responsibility which has been handed down to us through the ages. But to-day, our sense of civic responsibility has changed from a single effort, such as Marcus Curtius' deal, to one of mutual aid... typical of mutual aid is the great institution of Life Assurance.

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Then Helen spoke quietly from the doorway behind me.

"How did you get here, Ad?"

He snorted croakily and his eyes swept beyond me to her far an instant. "Hello, Helen. You're still beautiful. How did I get here?" He laughed thickly. "I thought they'd have a stick-out. It was legal and they shouldn't have used a man."

I spotted Brian at once. He was cold and wet for a stroll to fetch the phone. That was a mistake. He's unconscious in one of those dark doorways down there."

I stepped back so that I was beside Helen. She spoke again, "What are you going to do, Ad?"

"I said I'd kill you both. Nothing has changed."

He looked at me and continued. "You took care of them, didn't you? You put me away and got you Brian. It was next."

"This is no good, Ad," Helen said. "We can't mean anything to you now. Why can't you leave us alone?"

He shook his head, still whispering. "I know what you're thinking, Miss. Try it. Rush me. I'd do soon do it now or later. I want to see you dead more than anything I've ever wanted."

"Make sure I'm dead, Ad. If I ever lay my hands on you..."

"You'll be dead. A long time dead."

He advanced to the middle of the room, and I forced myself for the leap. I wished his eyes. It would come first in his eyes and then in the tight-fisted finger on the gun trigger.

The dark eyes narrowed and he shook his head. "Later," he said. "Put some clothes on. Both of you."

He herded us into the bedroom. He let Helen dress in the chair while his eyes watched every movement I made.

"Where do you keep your car?" he snapped.

I told him where the garage was.

"We're going there," he said. "You're going to drive me to the

car when I had on the lake. I've got ten grand there. In the old days I knew there might be a time when I'd need get-away money. It's been there waiting for me."

Helen came from the closet wearing a man coat over a grey suit.

Cass said, "Let's go. Don't make a break. I can shoot my time, and I will."

The sleepy attendant of the garage paid little attention to us. In the car, Cass put me at the wheel with Helen between us in the front seat. The gun was against her side.

"You can kill her by making a wrong move," he said.

I nodded and we drove through the quiet streets. It was three o'clock in the morning when we left town.

Ad's cabin was mostly from years of damage and latterly sold in the high mountain air of pre-dawn. Under Ad's direction and weary eyes, I built a fire in the fireplace, and then Helen and I watched him take an envelope from a hiding place at the head of a built-in book.

The money was there with some papers. Mentioning us to check across the cabin from him, he examined the envelope's contents.

"Ten grand," he said. "With false identification and everything else I used to get out of the country." He looked at us thoughtfully. "In these days I never knew when something might break and I'd have to get away quick."

"Later, Ad," I said. "Take our car and your money. You've got everything you need to get away. We're twenty miles from a telephone—twenty miles is a long way to walk. We couldn't report anything until long after you..."

"I'll take the car and I'll leave you both here. Dead."

"What does it buy you, Ad?"

"It buys me sleepless nights and thinking about you and Helen and a lot of other things."

"You're vindictive."

"I'm a boy on the lam. A man who had a future and money and a girl. First, Clyde got in the way. I took care of him. But you and Helen wrecked the rest of it for me."

"What did you expect us to do? What could we do?"

"You could have helped me. That is, I thought you could. I didn't know that you wanted Helen that bad. More. Why shouldn't I kill you? Both of you?"

"But Helen is—"

"Helen is yours. That's enough." She interrupted as "All right, Ad. You've said it. But how do you feel about it? The words don't mean. It's what you feel inside."

He mumbled crookedly. "What do you mean?"

"You wanted me then, Ad. Don't you want me now?"

"Go on," he said truculently. "Say it."

"I'll make a deal with you. If you leave Mac here alone, I'll go with you. Wherever you go. I'll do whatever you want."

I said sharply, "Helen! Stop it. Don't talk that way. You can't!"

Helen shook her head and still looked at Ad. "You wanted me open. I haven't changed that much, Ad."

"I don't like second-hand women."

He walked across the floor and sat at the corner of a table, the gun loose in his hand.

"But it's an idea," he said. "Just an idea."

"Damn you! You can't!" I blurted. "You want her alive, don't you?"

There was only one answer to that I didn't speak.

He said, "Or maybe you wouldn't if you knew what I can do with her. Maybe there's better than killing you. Something to give you those sleepless nights. Wondering where the is; what I've done with her, what's happened to her?" He snorted again. "And a lot of things can happen to a good looking girl when you're young."

"Is it a deal?" Helen asked.

Ad shook his head. "No deal, Helen. I'm traveling light and fast. I'd have to watch you every moment. I couldn't get you out of the country with me. I don't want you that much."

"And you think by killing us you'll reward yourself?" I asked.

"That's right, Mac."

"How come?"

"Now I have to move fast. I can't waste time."

"You're crazy. You can't murder in cold blood. You can't kill Helen. It would live with you the rest of your life."

"Shut up!"

He put the money and papers back in the envelope and put them on the table near him. He did it without taking his eyes from us. The gun came up in his hand.

I was aware of Helen's breathing beside me and the thought that I meant get between her and the gun.

"It has to be me first," I said. "I'm stronger than you, Ad."

"No!" Helen cried. She tried to move past me.

I had to get her down and out of the way. There might have been other ways to do it, but it was the fastest, easiest way I knew. Even at the last instant I subconsciously pulled the punch, but Helen still was enough force. My fist thudded against her jaw and she went down.

The first shot came. I was sideways to Ad and I felt the bullet burn across my shoulder. It cracked like the wall behind me.

I turned, crouched and sprang. The second shot went over my head. The third one hit my right thigh a second before I hit Ad in my wild lunge.

We knocked over the table and hit the floor. The gun cracked over my head, and I felt the heat of the shot. I grasped at the arm and twisted. The gun jerked apart, and the bullet was like the kick of a mule into my shoulder. I hung on, twisting the



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and, and Ad grunted in pain. There was one more shot and Ad's other arm jerked back.

Dad settled over my eyes and the sun wavered. I remember watching the floor come up into my face as I passed forward.

Helen was leaning over me. Her face looked soft in my blurred vision. Her wrists and her hands were busy with my shoulders. I looked around. I was on the floor, but there was a blanket under me and another over me. A few feet away, Ad was similarly covered with a blanket.

I tried to smile for Helen. "Pretty bed?" I asked.

"I don't think so. Fleck wounds. I'm going for a doctor."

"Bleeding?"  
"I've stopped most of it." She looked at Ad. "He is the worst. It's an artery in his arm. I have a tourniquet on it."

"He's conscious?"  
She nodded. "I've tied his legs, and his good arm in the big ropes. He's lost a lot of blood. He's weak."

She stood and looked down at me. "You saved our lives, Mac." Tears came to her eyes and her lips quivered. "At first, I—I thought you were dead..."

"How about Ad? If it's a journal quiet?"

Our eyes met and the question was there between us.

She said, "It has to be loosened a little about every twenty minutes, or there will be gangrene. I remember that from the first aid I took during the war."

I nodded. I remembered, too. I had some first aid work before I went overseas as a correspondent.

The knowledge burned through my mind. If I loosen it and tell it to that man, he'll bleed to death.

"Move me close enough to him, to reach the tourniquet," I said quietly.

Gently she helped me move closer to him.

"Mac—you couldn't—" She didn't finish the sentence, and I knew that the thought was in her mind, too.

I remembered all that had happened and I remembered what she had said in the kitchen. "He never feels safe until he's done . . . ."

"Drive carefully," I whispered. "And hurry."

"Yes, Mac, you."

I wondered which was the nearer hurry to save me from death—or hurry to save Mac from murder.

She put more fuel in the fire and, with another brief kiss, she went out into the grey morning. I heard the start of the car, and then the rattling sound of the engine as she drove away.

\* \* \*

I stood at the ceiling a long time. Ad moaned and I turned my head toward him.

"Can you hear me, Ad?"

"Mac. What do you want?"

"You've washed up, Ad. You've played it out. Helen has gone after a doctor and the police."

"I heard her go."

"Hold your arm out where I can reach it. I have to release the tourniquet for a few seconds."

"Stop it."

"Hold your arm out. Don't make it tough. I can move and get to it somehow."

"I told to stop it."

I reached closer to him and looked at the tourniquet. The wound was in his forearm, and Helen had placed the tourniquet above it. She had tied my necktie.

I reached for the knot. He jerked his arm away.

"Hold still, Ad. You may get stronger if I don't loosen it."

"You wouldn't want that, would you, Mac?" he mocked.

"No."

Helen was soft. She could have let me die.

"That's right."

"But she didn't. That doesn't mean

you won't let me die. Does it?"

"I want you to live, Ad."

"Why?"

"Answer it yourself. I'm no killer."

"Any man is at some time or other, I know. Remember? Killers used to be my career. You can myself."

"Hold out your arm."

"Go to hell."

"I'm going to keep you alive, Ad. You're going back and finish your sentence."

"You mean that, don't you, Mac?" he said flatly.

"Yes."

He was silent for a moment, and then he stretched his arm out to me. "Okay, Barker," he said. "I don't want gangrene."

He was not too weak to move his arm freely. He held it out and I loosened the tourniquet carefully. I saw blood come from the shattered artery and heard Ad's gasp as renewed circulation brought sharp pain to the arm.

Ad spoke softly. "Do me a favor, Mac."

"What?"

"Forget to tie it again."

"What do you mean?"

"I had my chance and missed. This is it. There isn't any more for me."

I watched the aching artery. I didn't speak.

"Remember what I said about Clyde?" he continued. "I did what the law should have done, but couldn't? He was a murderer. I was being the law—a life for a life. I was wrong. Let's even it up, Mac. I'm not going to spend the rest of my life with sleepless nights. I'd rather die than go stir-crazy. Even it up for me, Mac."

"The sleepless nights are bad?"

"The sleepless nights are hell." "Then I wouldn't wear them, Ad. Not for me, not for Helen."

Gently I tightened the knot until the blood had stopped running. Ad stared at me and tried to jerk free, but I held his arm until I was sure that the knot was tight.

I'd have to loosen it again two or three times before Helen returned with the doctor, but I wasn't worried now. The knot would be tight and Ad would be breathing when they arrived.

Ad spoke harshly. "I hate your guts, Mac!"

I thought of all the sleepless nights before him.

"That's right," I said quietly. "You probably do."



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# Talking Points

## \* COVER GIRL . . .

Cover Girl! That smooth is a nameless beauty. California Photographer, Don Baruch found her behind a shop counter, punched her in a gate and draped her with roses. Rosell! A shot say film star would envy. If a talent went spots that, she shouldn't stay around much longer.

Doesn't our copy of Cavalcade in America, noted our weakness for beautiful Cover Girls and sent us a copy.

## \* BLIND . . .

CAVALCADE has a truly remarkable real-life story in "He Sees With His Hands" (page 10) which introduces one of the most remarkable and courageous men in Australia.

Sixty-nine, the blind cattle judge who can tell the color of animals by feeling them, has not only done an amazing job in collecting his herds, but has rendered many years of important service in a task which seems, above all others, to call for a keen eye.

## \* NEW . . .

CAVALCADE is happy to offer something new again with this issue, an entire extra-page photographic story and an extra two color pages. The new features are in keeping with the magazine's policy of giving readers more reading time, more variety, and wider interest, as this becomes possible.

The historical article with color photo (page 42, 60) aims at telling briefly the background of some historical events which are vaguely known, but have an exciting unknown story behind them.

## \* MIRACLE . . .

Russell Janney wrote "The Miracle of the Bell" in the hope of penning a successful novel, and it ran away with him. In record time he hit the top of the best-seller list, and was immediately chased by Hollywood so that RKO released the film before the book had passed its first heady success. So this month's film newspaper presents at once the condensation of a best-selling book and the story of an extremely successful film.

## \* ROYAL RACES . . .

As the interest of the world centres on the first adjourn for some years to the direct line of power in the Berlin Throne, CAVALCADE's article gives an interesting insight into some of the various customs which have grown up around such events. It is difficult to realize that these customs had one object—to make certain that the royal hair in the throne was always known. Though times and customs have changed, it is a story of unusual interest.

## \* COMING . . .

How do black teachers do it? The simple, surprising answer is furnished by well-known surface and authority in the Australian education, W. E. Horne, in November CAVALCADE. An old hand on the China Coast tells how the big drug rings recruit international immigrants. An important article discusses your chances of being wrongly accused—and beaten the rap, though innocent. And the rest of the magazine, including new features maintains an equally high standard of interest.



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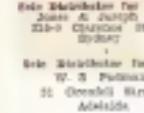
Pen Distribution for Vic.  
SIMPSON,  
William Read  
Bolton St.



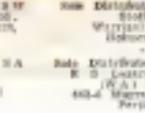
Pen Distribution for S.A.  
W. S. Pollock  
21 Gresham Street  
ADELAIDE



Pen Distribution for Qld  
and N.T.  
C. H. Edwards  
100 Elizabeth  
St. BRISBANE



Pen Distribution for Tas.  
R. D. Lovell & Co.  
40-42 Murray Street  
HOBART



Pen Distribution for N.Z.  
J. M. Sherriff  
201 Mairi Street  
Wellington

